

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

TWICE-A-WEEK . . . TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

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ROCKLAND, MAINE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1911.

VOL. 66, NO. 104.

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The Courier-Gazette.
TWICE-A-WEEK

ALL THE HOME NEWS

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NEWSPAPER HISTORY
The Rockland Gazette was established in 1846. In 1874 the Courier was established, and consolidated with the Gazette in 1882. The Free Press was established in 1885, and in 1901 changed its name to the Tribune. These papers consolidated March 17, 1897.

"There is nothing in character so magnetic as cheerfulness."

"If Roosevelt is put in the White House in 1912 we will never get him out again except feet first." So said Col. Henry Watters, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal in commenting on the Republican situation throughout the country. Col. Watters said that in his opinion the Republicans could not elect either Taft or Roosevelt and said the election of the former President abrogating the third term tradition, would be a step toward abolition.

A memorial tower, visible far out on the Pacific, is being planned. It will be one of the monumental features of the Panama-Pacific exhibition at San Francisco. Reaching up into the sky 850 feet, it will be higher than any structure fashioned by the hand of man, with the exception of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. In an architectural way the San Francisco tower will present a far more agreeable exterior than the Parisian edifice of ribs and girders. Built of marble and terra cotta on a steel frame, it will overlook the Pacific and will be one of the artificial wonders of the world.

Between now and the month of March the Bangor & Aroostook railroad will ship from its terminal at Stockton 1,500 car loads of potatoes which, together with shipments already made this season, will make the largest shipments from Stockton during any one season since the farmers in Aroostook have been sending their products to southern markets. The first shipments of the season were made last week when a shipment of 48 carloads was made on the steamer Millinocket. They were all seed potatoes as they will be during the remainder of the season and are being shipped in sacks.

Unless something is done to rehabilitate turkey growing there will be no such thing as Christmas or Thanksgiving turkeys in the United States within ten years. The census bureau has issued a bulletin showing that in 1910 there were only 3,668,703 turkeys on farms in this country, while in 1900 there were 6,594,095. At this rate the turkey will be in the dodo class by 1920. There was also a reduction of about 50 per cent in ducks during the last year. The number of geese dropped considerably. Chickens increased, however, the total for the country going from 244,600,241 in 1900 to 280,345,133 in 1910.

William D. Haywood, former secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, does not appear to be so much of an idol with the Socialist party as he was at the time of the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone affair. A despatch from Denver Tuesday's papers says: "W. H. Leonard, a Socialist leader of Denver, said that at a meeting of a local branch of the Socialist party resolutions would be introduced calling for the expulsion of Haywood, who, in a recent speech, is reported to have advocated 'direct action' in securing labor organizations in their rights. Mr. Leonard said that if the ward organizations failed to act a city-wide meeting would be called to act on a proposition to submit this entire question to a referendum of the party throughout the country."

Another mile post was set up at the beginning of the present month in the history of the construction of the world's greatest engineering work, when the engineers announced that on that date four-fifths of the excavation required to complete the Panama canal had been done. There remained only 39,669,715 cubic yards of material to be removed and that task is expected to be completed within the next year. These same engineers have finally "broken the back" as it is expressed technically of the vast earth slide into the famous Culebra cut, which threatened to give infinite trouble. This was accomplished by the explosion of 700 pounds of dynamite at one time in twenty-eight 24-foot holes, ripping off the whole crest of the great bank just above the slide north of the Central division office.

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STRANGE SEA STORIES

Queer Mishaps That Befell the Schooners Hannah F. Carleton, and Active, the Big Maria Norwood and Steamer Charles Houghton.

When the old Bangor schooner Hannah F. Carleton went to the bottom of Vineyard Sound a few weeks ago, Davy Jones claimed the coaster that was famed all along shore as having been the victim of the strangest collision ever known at sea—such a collision as never occurred before or since, and is not likely to happen again. There was one chance in a million for the Hannah F. Carleton in the famous crash, and chance favored the schooner. Old sailors regard her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

They were telling about the Hannah F. Carleton's remarkable experience, the mariners assembled around the fire in a Bangor saloon the other day, and other close shaves were mentioned, but none to compare with the miracle off Cape Cod, which is well remembered by the older captains. The Hannah F. Carleton was a two-master of 189 tons, built at Pembroke in 1884 and at the time of her strange experience hailing from Jonesport. She had been to New York with lumber, and on her return trip east was passing in by Cape Cod, on a clear, moonlight night, coal loaded for Boston. Capt. Falkingham was on the quarter, and he noticed a steamer coming up astern, but at first paid no attention to her, everything being clear for miles around. Capt. Falkingham, however, glanced astern every few minutes, and presently became nervous, for the steamer was coming right for the Carleton, and without altering her course would hit the schooner fair in the stern in a few minutes.

When the steamer got up a little closer, Capt. Falkingham began to shout to her people, telling them to keep away. The men in the steamer's pilothouse were plainly visible, as was also the bow lookout, but they seemed not to see the schooner. Capt. Falkingham's shouting awoke all hands on the schooner, and the men came tumbling on deck. They all joined in the shouting, but to no purpose. The steamer came right on and struck the schooner's stern boom fairly on end. The schooner was on the wind, with sheets flat, so that the boom hung very nearly fore-and-aft, and the full force of the blow from the steamer's stem

was transmitted to the mainmast, which was broken short-off at the jaws of the boom, letting the stick down on deck with a fearful thump. The heel of the broken mast stove a big hole in the deck, and there the stick rested, swaying athwartships in the slack rigging and prevented from going over the stern by the spring stay.

The crew of the Carleton made a rush for the boat at the stern davits, but Capt. Falkingham, seeing that they intended to desert her, seized an axe and chopped a hole in the boat, so that she would not float. That stopped the panic, and the men turned to and helped in patching up the hole in the deck with a tarpaulin, for the sea was making over her, she being deck-to-deck with coal, and with such a gap open she would soon have floated.

The steamer, after backing away, came close up and asked if assistance was wanted. Capt. Falkingham said that he would like a tow to Boston, and the steamer sent him a line. The Savannah line, to which the steamer belonged, settled for the damage, and at Boston the Hannah F. Carleton got a new mainmast and boom and had her deck patched up. Had the steamer struck her in any other place, the schooner would have gone to the bottom like a shot. The end of the boom was about ten inches in diameter, and as an old coaster captain remarked, "they don't often shoot as close as that."

One of the owners of the Carleton declares that she was in her latter years, followed by a hoodoo. When new she made money, or she was a good carrier, a fast sailer and had good handling and plenty of "luck." But in recent years, although sailed by capable men, she was a financial failure, and, as the complaining owner says, "she died owing money."

The queer accidents that have happened to Maine vessels would fill a volume, and some of them would be regarded as fiction. An old coaster captain who had listened to the story of the Hannah F. Carleton declared that he had heard of the wreck of the little schooner Active, in Fox Island thoroughfare, some years ago. It was in the fall of the year, and the Active was going through the narrow passage between the islands. She carried but two men—the master, Capt. Ray, and his 16-year-old son. When last seen under sail, the Active was ship-shape, the boy at the wheel and his father below, taking a nap, as it was afterward found. Next day the Active was found on the rocks, with her stern stove in, the master drowned in his bunk and the boy dead at the wheel with a bullet hole in his head.

This discovery caused a great sensation, and, as there appeared to be no motive for anyone to kill the boy, and as it was known that the shot must have been fired by a third person, the whole affair was a mystery and remained thus for years, when a man in a distant state confessed on his death bed that it was he who fired the shot that killed the helmsman of the Active.

The man said that he had fired at a hawk, which was circling low, and did not see the schooner, which suddenly came into range, owing to an intervening clump of bushes. Then he was horrified to see the boy at the schooner's wheel throw up his hands and fall to the deck, while the vessel broached to and was driven ashore by the wind and tide. The gunner, who was after gulls and ducks, fled without waiting to investigate the result of his unfortunate shot, fearing that if he reported the matter to the authorities he might, although innocent of any criminal intent, be imprisoned.

There are no record instances of vessels having been wrecked or run down by reason of their helmsmen being asleep or insane, and one Maine schooner was cut down by a steamer because the man at her wheel was deaf and could not hear the steamer's whistle signals. The Rockport brig Maria W. Norwood had a narrow escape from collision off the Georgia coast under strange circumstances. The brig was running along under easy sail one moonlight night and a steamer was coming up astern. When the steamer got too close for comfort a torch was burned over the brig's stern, but the man at the steamer's wheel paid no attention to it, holding to his course, which would take him right through the brig. Finally a great shouting by the brig's people and the firing of a gun awoke the steamer's wheelman, and he put the helm hard down just in time to avoid a crash.

When the steamer had come close up it was observed that the man steering was hanging over the wheel as though half asleep, or drunk. When asked why he did not keep off he growled:

"What do you want—all the room there's here? Here you've been yawning all around for an hour, and me trying to dodge you!"

Then the brig's people knew that he had been asleep. It was found that the wheelman was not the only one asleep on the steamer. Most of her crew had been taken down with



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fever and the others, from standing double watches, had become worn out from loss of sleep.

Some amusing stories are told of the old and roly-poly steamboat Charles Houghton that used to run in Maine waters. On one trip, coming from Portland to Bangor, the Houghton became lost in the fog, and her master, Capt. Joe Wentworth, was trying to feel his way into Boothbay. After floundering about four hours and tooting his whistle until everybody on board had the earache, the men in the pilothouse caught the sound of voices off the starboard and stopped to listen. Presently out of the fog loomed a big lobster boat, which was hailed by Capt. Wentworth.

"Aho, the boat. Can you give us the course into Boothbay?"

A loud guffaw was the only response. The fishermen fairly roared with merriment, while the master of the steamer, mad all through, swore large oaths at them and asked if they were all crazy.

"No, we ain't crazy, cap'n," responded the fisherman, "but we jest had to laugh."

"Well, how about the course into Boothbay?" demanded the captain.

The master of the smack quitted another burst of laughter among his men and replied, with aggravating deliberation:

"W-a-l, yew jest turn them wheels o' yor steamboat over an' an' on'ter twice ag'in an' she'll hit the wharf to Boothbay—you're 'most there now!"

It was a fact that the Charles Houghton had blundered into Boothbay and almost up to the wharf without her people knowing where they were. "Good, old tub," mused Capt. Wentworth; "she aint no Mary Powell for speed, but she's got lots o' hoss sense!"

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MAINE STANDS SECOND

As a Granite Producing State and Fifth in Stone Production—Facts Which Will Interest Many Knox County Granite Workers.

Maine now ranks second in the granite producing states of the Union. Massachusetts has had to step down from first place in favor of Vermont. There has been quite a slump in the production of the stone in the Bay State in the last five years, according to E. F. Burchard, of the Geological Survey, who has prepared a pamphlet on the stone industry in 1910. Vermont's production in 1910 was \$2,694,000, a shrinkage, however, of \$250,000 in the last five years; and second comes Maine, whose product in 1910 was valued at \$2,313,000 and which used to rank third; and fourth comes Massachusetts, with Wisconsin and California pressing the state hard for the place.

Although New Hampshire is called "the granite state," in granite production, it does not lead by a good deal. The value of its granite product in 1910 was \$1,239,000 which, however, is a considerable increase over the value of the product of five years ago, which was \$818,000.

In marble production, Vermont continues to top all the other states, the value of its marble being \$3,502,000 in 1910, which is, however, a decrease in value compared with the product of 1906 which was \$4,576,000. The value of the marble product in the country has decreased about a half million dollars in that period.

Massachusetts ranks fairly high up in stone production but its rank is slowly sagging. It ranks eighth in the Union with a product valued at \$3,013,000, or 3.94 per cent of the total, whereas the rank of the state in 1909 was seventh, while the value of the product was \$3,539,000 or 4.96 per cent of the total of the country.

Pennsylvania leads all states in the value of its stone products, which in 1910 was \$8,621,000. Pennsylvania was first last year. Vermont has ranked second, but was displaced in 1910 by New York, and so Vermont ranks third, with an output of \$6,282,000 in value. Maine's rank is a rank of fifth in the production of stone, its output last year being in value \$2,313,000, but New Hampshire has sagged from the 15th to 16th place with a production in 1910 of \$1,239,000 in value. Connecticut used to rank 22d, but now ranks 25th, its product in 1910 having a value of \$919,000. Rhode Island is still in the counting among the states, despite its small size, for it ranks 32d, although in 1909 it ranked 23d. The value of its stone product last year was \$521,000. The total value of stone production of the country last year was \$76,500,000 against \$71,300,000 in 1909.

A BRILLIANT TRIO

Mildred Potter, John Barnes Wells and Josefa Schaller Booked for a Noted Concert in Rockland.

Director Chapman has just returned from New York, where he was present and conducted at the Rudolph Club jubilee, which consisted of three performances, two concerts and a banquet, which we note by the New York daily papers, was one of the most brilliant affairs ever given in New York. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chapman were literally showered with congratulations from President Taft, down to the last musician in the orchestra. Mr. Chapman says he is going to turn all of his energies now to the splendid concert tour, which he is planning to commence Jan. 8, at Auburn. This tour will last two weeks, and will embrace all the prominent cities and towns of Maine, and will be given under the auspices of the local festival choruses, and for the benefit of the same.

These concerts will be great musical events. Miss Mildred Potter, the contralto, who shared honors with Mary Garden, could draw a house herself, with her magnificent personality, and voice. John Barnes Wells, the famous tenor, is another artist who could draw a house by himself. He is to make a specialty of a group of Irish songs. It is worth the price of admission to hear these alone. The sensation of the tour, Miss Josefa Schaller, the most remarkable violinist who has ever visited Maine, is heralded with great delight, as many remember her as the child violinist who accompanied Mme. Bouton, on a tour with Mr. Chapman eight years ago.

Tickets will go on sale Jan. 1st, and will be in the hands of members of local choruses, or for sale at musical headquarters, or by the local manager of the concert.

SHERIFF RAFTER DEAD

John B. Rafter, aged 64 years, for ten years sheriff of Lincoln county, and one of the leading Democrats of the state, died at his home in Damariscotta Monday. He leaves a widow and two daughters, Mrs. McCusker, wife of a Providence, R. I., physician, and Miss Florence Rafter of Newton, Mass. A brother, Augustine L. Rafter, is assistant superintendent of schools of the city of Boston, but is at present engaged in work for the U. S. government in Porto Rico.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.

—Isaac Watson.

The Sun's Shame

Beholding youth and hope in mockery caught from life; and mocking pulses that remain when the soul's death of bodily death is faint; Honor unknown, and honour known unsought; And penny's seditious self-tormenting thought On gold, whose master therewith buys its base!

And long'd-for woman longing all in vain For beauty's man with love's desire distraught; And wealth, and strength, and power, and pleasure's gain Given unto bodies of whose souls men say, None poor and weak, slavish and foul, as these!

Beholding these things, I behold no less The blinding moon and blushing eve confess The shame that loads the intolerable day.

—D. G. Rossetti.

The Courier-Gazette

TWO-A-WEEK.

CIRCULATION AFFIDAVIT

Rockland, Dec. 29, 1911.
Personally appeared Neil S. Perry, who on oath declares: That he is president in the office of the Rockland Publishing Co., and that of the name of The Courier-Gazette of December 30, 1911, there was printed a total of 4,884 copies before me.

W. W. CHURCH, Notary Public.

From all sources comes the same report—that Christmas business this year was a record-breaker. The story of the postoffice activities has already been told, and it is substantiated by both express companies. At the American Express office 12 men were employed six days. Agent Harrington had as large a staff last Christmas season, but for a much briefer period. In fact it is generally conceded that the Christmas business this year had an earlier beginning than ever before in this city, making it easier for all concerned. The Courier-Gazette feels that it may fairly take unto itself some of the credit due for this improved condition of affairs, as it published many items urging early shopping, and the early shipment of Christmas gifts. Christmas takes most of us unawares unless somebody sounds a timely warning.

ROCKLAND THEATRE

We do not know how more generally expressive could the impression have been than one patron asserted himself yesterday at the Rockland Theatre after the evening performance, as he passed doorkeeper Nash he looked at "Burleigh" and said "That's a ripping good show, Burleigh" and passed on. Perhaps this tersely expresses the sentiment of all who witnessed each performance yesterday afternoon and evening.

The feature act of the bill is the Three O'Connor Sisters, refined singers and dancers, who offered just the sort of act that always pleases. Several imitations of singers made famous by certain songs, duo and trio dancing, and more singing, gave us an act that was very much appreciated.

Next on the program was Si Stebbins, the original farmer with the Barnum & Bailey shows. A talk on where he came from and the doing round the village served as an excellent introduction to his act. The moment he began his conversation, you felt as tho you were in for something out-of-the-ordinary. In addition to his short talk on farm life, he presented a few card tricks, which gave us an idea of his cleverness.

Before Si decided on the show business for a livelihood, he made shoes in the city of Auburn.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Ramsay Sisters, musical artists and Gibson & Ranney in the "Cowboys Courtship."

EMPIRE THEATRE

Reed's bull terriers took the theatre by storm yesterday, and little else is talked about by those who saw the wonderful canine performers. It is called "the only act of its kind in the world" and the hardest critic will agree that nothing approaching it has ever been seen in this city. One dog jumps the full length of the stage over chairs, and then turns innumerable backspins in his exuberance; another climbs a high ladder which dives into his master's arms; two of them have a mirthful race on a whirligig; and then all of them fall to work on a punching bag. Last, but not least are the cute pups. If you love dogs or despise them, be sure and see these.

Dan Barrett, the black-face comedian, indulges in a solitaire talk-fest which is very amusing. The picture menu is a good one, the feature being the Edison picture "At the Threshold of Life," secured at the request of a prominent club woman. The subject is one that will especially interest school pupils. The Empire's new electric sign points the way.

Special—All Rockland Theatre going patrons attending the Saturday matinee will be presented with a souvenir picture in a booklet free from "Si Stebbins."

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It Was Spicy At Times

Aldermen Almost Unanimous In Granting South Thomaston Trolley Line Desired Franchise.

A franchise to enter the city of Rockland over certain streets at the South end was granted to the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George Railway Tuesday afternoon, after a hearing which lasted nearly three hours and was fairly spicy at times. Only one alderman opposed the granting of the petition. The full board was present, but Alderman Beverage did not vote, as he was acting in the capacity of chairman in the absence of Mayor Blethen.

The petitioners were represented by M. A. Johnson, attorney, and A. S. Black, president of the road. The only persons who appeared directly in opposition to granting the request were Alan L. Bird, acting as attorney for three abutting property-owners; and ex-Mayor Israel Snow, who raises objections to a double track on South Main street.

One of the principal speeches of the afternoon was made by George E. Macomber, president of the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George Railway, who adopted an advisory role rather than that of an actual objector to the franchise. Under existing conditions he does not see the need of additional tracks being laid on Rockland streets and opposes them as a nuisance save where the accommodation exceeds the actual convenience. He also explained at considerable length the attitude of his own company toward the South Thomaston road. His argument in full being published elsewhere in this issue, no further allusion to it seems necessary in this report of the hearing.

M. A. Johnson, having previously explained the needs and desires of the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George Railway, answered with considerable sarcasm the statements made by President Macomber. He did not believe Mr. Macomber would come all the way from Augusta merely in a patriotic spirit to prevent the Rockland aldermen from acting ill-advisedly. The spider and fly illustration was interwoven in his remarks.

W. S. White, a director of the R. T. & C. Street Railway, said that his company had done everything asked for by the petitioners save to allow their cars to run into Rockland under the charge of President Black's employees. "We are willing to do anything that is fair and proper, even to the point where the railroad commissioners may say what the power shall cost," declared Mr. White. "The exigencies of the occasion don't call for any other track. The big smelters should first exhaust their efforts to get over our tracks in the proper way."

President Black expressed the opinion that President Macomber did not come here in the interest of our highways unless from a dollar and

cent standpoint. Reviewing briefly the history of the two roads' relations with each other, he asserted that in 1909 the R. T. & C. Street Railway was getting about three-eighths of the South Thomaston line's gross receipts without assuming any liability. As the principal object of the petition was a franchise on Rockland streets President Black said that his road desired to extend to South Thomaston and develop a freight business, which it would be impracticable to handle without dodging the Maine Central wharf cars.

The citizens present were then urged to express their views on the subject. Charles E. Bicknell said: "I hope to see the day when the line will go to St. George, but we can never see anything until the line gets into Rockland."

"It would be a great advantage to have independent interests in Rockland," said C. Vey Holman, interested only as a patron of the line.

Judge Hurley: "I don't suppose it would be necessary to say anything in support of this petition. This is a little road which gives opportunity for the mothers and the babies to get to the seashore, and the citizens ought to have it. Give the little road an opportunity. I cannot see why this great corporation comes here to oppose it."

Alan L. Bird said he had been employed by certain property-owners to appear in opposition to the petition. "Personally," said ex-Mayor Snow, "I would like to have the road come into Rockland, but I think a second track on South Main street would be an inconvenience."

City Solicitor Gould, who said he had been asked to look into the legal aspect of the petition, interpreted the statutes as saying that the tracks of an existing line could not be paralleled. "There was a similar case in Biddeford, and the commissioners granted the location," said President Black. "In Portland they didn't grant it," said Mr. Bird.

"I am familiar with the history of the South Thomaston line having attached about everything in the way of material which it possessed," said Sheriff Tolman. "If it hadn't been for the charges of President Black, never have invested in property at Crescent Beach."

County Attorney Howard said he did not know what the rights of the different trolley lines are in this dispute but that the public also had rights in this road. "We are not going to let the city of Rockland be a public utility in its own opinion the question for the municipal officers to decide was: 'What is the best thing to do for the public?'"

This concluded the hearing, and the board went into executive session with the result above told.

President Macomber Explains

Rockland, Thomaston & Camden Street Railway's Side of Controversy With South Thomaston Line.

At the hearing Tuesday afternoon on the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George Railway's petition for a franchise on Rockland streets, the following statement was presented by George E. Macomber, president of the Rockland, Thomaston & Camden Street Railway:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: In what I have to say this afternoon I shall represent the Rockland, Thomaston & Camden Street Railway and I want it understood at the very start that we have nothing to say in opposition to the little road at South Thomaston, and never did have anything to say in opposition to it, and any prosperity which can come to it is a good thing for the city of Rockland, and whatever is for the interest of the city of Rockland is for the interest of the R. T. & C. Street Railway.

We have been here for 20 years doing business with the rest of you people. Now my only point in coming here today is to confer with the representatives of the city of Rockland and with the representatives of the South Thomaston Railway as to what is best for all concerned. What Mr. Johnson says about the extension down at St. George and South Thomaston is not contained in the petition and has nothing to do with it either one way or the other, as I understand it. Now Mr. Johnson has said something that I did not know before and that is that this road was conceived and started and has been run very largely by the lawyers, and I am not certain but that is one of the reasons for its failure.

The first knowledge I had of the little road was when Boardman Hall of Boston, who was an attorney, came to me and other officers of the Rockland road and said he was going to build this road to South Thomaston and St. George. We said to him then, and we have reiterated it a good many times since, that we would do anything we could to help it along. We saw nothing for the builders of the road because of the sparsely settled country in which it runs. We said that any road between this city and the outlying towns would be a good thing for Rockland; it would bring business in here and a small amount of business even would be a good thing, and I said to Mr. Hall a good many times that anything the R. T. & C. Street Railway could do to help that road get on its feet we would be only too glad to do. We told them they could have the use of our cars, materials and anything to get the road going. Now Mr. Hall fell down before completing it, and it went into the hands of receivers.

The receivers all seemed to be lawyers. There is nothing against the lawyers but it seemed to happen that way. Now we receivers came to us to know what they should do. They said the road was not quite completed and they wanted some help and didn't know much about building railroads. I think Mr. Johnson will recall with me that we did everything we were asked to do to get the road

started. We furnished cars, power, men, and we furnished everything necessary to operate the road. Is not that true Mr. Johnson? (Mr. J.—I guess so.)

The result was, I think, that for the first two years we practically operated it for the receivers. That is, the R. T. & C. Street Railway, its men and other apparatus, furnished the power and ran the road. Now the result (it is a little road to be sure) was not very bad. I think we showed a profit every year we ran it. When the receivers got into the fall of the year they said they couldn't run a road there through the winter and we said we would run it for what we could get out of it. The people felt it was such an accommodation and they didn't want the road shut up, so we ran it for what we could get out of it.

There wasn't any profit in it and never has been to the R. T. & C. and I will be able to show you. The first year that we run it for the receivers, 1907, we took in \$4386, paid out \$1950.62, and we turned over \$2422.99. We thought that was a pretty good proposition for a little road without any care or responsibility. The next year they did \$4770 worth of business, with an expense of \$2185 and net earnings \$2585 to the receivers for the benefit of the men who put their money into the road.

We received, and the I want to make emphatic, the Rockland road received for its services during this time what it received for power and what it received for carrying passengers from Rockland to South Thomaston line, or vice versa. For the power we received three cents per kilowatt on the car from the South Thomaston end to the end of the line. In addition we received two cents for each passenger from any point on our line to the beginning of the line and the same on a passenger coming back. Now the fare over their line was ten cents. Of that ten cents eight cents went to the receivers and we received two cents. The two cents plus the three cents in those two years make up the operating expenses which we got for running that road. Now the receivers sold the property in 1909 to the bondholders but they were not very largely the original bondholders for \$25,000 notwithstanding it probably cost a hundred thousand, but the present owners did not pay that or anything like it, but if it did or didn't cost that it is a good thing to have it there.

The year that Mr. Donahue ran it for the owners he put some cars of his own on. We furnished him the power at just the same price the receivers had paid and we took the same price per passenger, two cents, and he received the balance. The result of his operations for that year is as follows:

Gross earnings, \$9277; paid out, \$7744.13, leaving a net income for the managers of that road of \$1463.69. Now if I owned a little road like that and had gotten an income of fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars from it after paying the bills I should not call it a bad proposition. That is the result of Mr. Donahue's administration and we furnished just two things, the power at three cents per kilowatt and two cents for the carrying of passengers a distance of

a mile and a little better, while the other road, which is a little under four miles, was getting eight cents for passengers. That was all right and proper that the little road should get the big share of the income.

Last year Mr. Black and his associates bought the road and he began to run it some time in November. I got a letter from Mr. Black saying he was extremely busy and wanting me to come down and see him and make a new contract. I told him I would be glad to, as soon as I could, and was intending to come, when I saw a notice in the paper that the road would stop running and that Mr. Black could not afford to run it. I came down to see about it because I had known that the people were very anxious to have that road run and they had done what I never would do before, and that was that they came out and helped shovel snow, and they showed a great deal of interest in having the road run so that they might have a way of getting to Rockland.

I went to see Mr. Black and he said in the first place that the price of power was too high. "Well," I said, "I don't think so, but if it is we will reduce it." So I talked it over with the directors, and as we have always felt that this road was a good thing for Rockland, and anything we could do to help it and keep it going through the winter was ultimately a good thing for us, and for the prosperity of Rockland, and the prosperity of the South Thomaston Railway, we decided to let Mr. Black have the power at two cents per kilowatt, a reduction of 33 1-3 per cent.

He has done quite an increase of business this last year and has received more in the gross than was received the year before.

He then wanted a lower price for carrying the passengers. After all passengers cut that in two in the middle. We concluded we would do that, as he wanted us to. After this arrangement was made he wanted us to carry his passengers to Park street instead of to the Rankin block. Mr. Black's proposition was to stop at Park street. We agreed to do it, we to receive one cent and he to receive nine cents. That was the understanding when I left here. Later Mr. Black concluded that he would add that one cent to the other fellow and he made it ten cents. The matter is now one cent and they ten cents, and since November, 1910, we have been receiving that. So we reduced the power 33 1-3 per cent, and we reduced the cost of carrying passengers 50 per cent. We do not want to get from people in South Thomaston saying they didn't think much of the idea of coming to town to do business and being dropped off at Park street. I immediately notified Mr. Hawken to take them as far as the waiting room.

There is one thing I do not want to get from people in South Thomaston saying they didn't think much of the idea of coming to town to do business and being dropped off at Park street. I immediately notified Mr. Hawken to take them as far as the waiting room. There is one thing I do not want to get from people in South Thomaston saying they didn't think much of the idea of coming to town to do business and being dropped off at Park street. I immediately notified Mr. Hawken to take them as far as the waiting room.

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promptly, the service on the Owl's Head road was entirely discontinued, the reason being that the road would not pay to operate in the winter season. This is undoubtedly true, as it is on nearly all roads in this part of the country.

"Feeling, however, that we wanted to do anything possible to accommodate the public in the towns where this Owl's Head road was in operation, although the Rockland, Thomaston & Camden Street Railway had nothing whatever to do with its inauguration and building and had declined several times to become a bidder or purchaser for the property, I made several propositions to the management of the Rockland, South Thomaston & St. George to enable them to operate their road this winter. I stated very positively my belief that it was not wise to stop the car service at Park street, that it necessitated transferring and that would, in a measure, discommode the people more or less. Their propositions were in substance that we allow them to operate their cars with their men as far as Park street and stop there. We could not permit this because we could not allow cars of other roads on our tracks for fear of accidents, due to misunderstanding or misconstruction of the rules, with two different parties making these rules and regulations. I did, however, make the Owl's Head road three propositions.

"The first was that the Rockland, Thomaston & Camden Street Railway would operate a car, the same as we did a year ago, taking the receipts and paying all the expenses. This would enable us to give a service similar to the one last year, with no expense whatever to the Owl's Head road. The second proposition was that we would transfer all passengers to our South end car and carry them to Park street for one cent, or just half what we had been receiving heretofore and that we would reduce during the winter time the cost of power to the Owl's Head Road on their track 33 1-3 per cent. Third, we offered to run their cars to Park street, charging one cent for each passenger and just what our men cost on the cars.

"They selected the second proposition, that is, to transfer to our cars, and that is the way the matter is now running, we receiving one cent out of each fare of 6 cents or 11 cents and charging only two-thirds of what we have always had for the power.

"The question arose as to their making an increase in their fares. We took the ground that there was no matter the Rockland road had nothing to do with; as long as they ran their road themselves they had a perfect right to establish their fares on any basis they saw fit. Had we charged the fare from what it has always been, although I am frank to say there is nothing in it, in my opinion, at any rate of fare that could be obtained.

"The great objection to our allowing anybody to run cars on our track was the danger from collision etc., against which it is impossible to insure, and I very seriously question whether any road would allow such a thing to be done."

That was the contract which we made with the present management and it has been in operation a little more than a year. The result of the operation did not show any flourishing returns for the R. T. & C. In 1909, in which year they took \$804, we started, we took \$804 on the Highland Line, and on this same line in 1910 we took \$707, so that if this little road is a benefit to the Rockland road it does not show in figures.

"I never regarded it as anything that would bring in any particular business to us, but we regarded it as a great accommodation to those who wished to come into the city.

Now I do not want to take up too much time, but I was rather surprised that my friend Johnson did not state exactly how he expected to get into Rockland. In the first place, this little road has a charter. That charter gives it a right in South Thomaston and St. George and nowhere else. Under that charter it has a right nowhere outside of those towns. There is a general law in this State passed in 1905 that gives a street railway the right to extend its tracks. In other words, if the Augusta railroad wanted to get into the town of Warren and there was no other railroad there and this road stopped in the town of Thomaston, that road could petition the municipal officers of Warren and get the right to extend their line off on some street or way where there was no other street railway. That, under the laws, is the only possible extension that can be made in the State of Maine. It is not within the power of the municipal officers or railroad commissioners to grant this and I am surprised that Mr. Johnson should have

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put in a petition without investigating that. I think you will see that it is clear and plain and explicit. There is no power except the Legislature that can put a track on any street where there is already one track. There is no law and no way that any street railway can be put on the same street where there is already one street railway.

To take care of that condition of things, you might say that the little road coming up here would like to discharge its own passengers here; but the law has provided a way to do that. It says that the South Thomaston road or any road coming up to another road, can have the privilege of taking its passengers over the other road and into the cities and towns, under an arrangement between the management of the two roads. If they cannot agree and an arrangement cannot be made between the two roads, then that question goes to the railroad commissioners. Now here is the South Thomaston road; if the rate we charge is not satisfactory, all Mr. Black has to do is to apply to the railroad commissioners, and if they say we must take his passengers for nothing, we have got to do it.

The Rockland, Thomaston & Camden road is not nagging about the cost. This is too small a matter to haggle about. We are perfectly willing now or at any time to allow the railroad commissioners to say what we shall have and what arrangement is right between the two roads. We are perfectly willing that this little road shall extend to Crescent Beach or South Thomaston or anywhere else and their passengers have the right to come over our tracks on terms agreed to between the two roads. If we cannot come to an agreement on any terms, the railroad commissioners shall say what is fair; and we will abide by that, and if you will look at the law you will see that it is the only thing that can be done.

Mr. Heath of Augusta, whom you all know, has written me a letter and these very laws which he gives me, I think, drafted by him and enacted by the Legislature under his direction.

I say now, as I said when I started, that we will continue with them and do all we can to make it comfortable for them to get back and forth and to enable these two roads to work together. If it is not worth anything to bring these people in and not worth anything for the power, say so, and we shall have to stand it. We do not want to be understood as being here to oppose this matter. I am simply stating the case as it strikes me and for the purpose of working out some good result for all concerned. I ask Mr. Bird to state the law and it seems to me very clear that there is nothing for the Board of Aldermen to do, or for anybody else to do.

Just one more point. This petition, as I understand it, asks for the right to build about 1200 feet absolutely parallel to our track in South Main street, and on Main street they ask the right to parallel the old track about 600 feet more in the same street, which is absolutely contrary to the law as I understand it.

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The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Drussenland

By PERCY BRENNER

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(Continued)

CHAPTER III.

WE had not gone fifty yards when a group of men, similarly accoutered to my companions, rushed upon us. The struggle was short and sharp. I was unable to make any kind of resistance and was dragged from my horse and my hands tied securely behind me. O'Ryan and his men fought desperately, and for a few minutes the clash of steel woke the echoes of the wood. But numbers told. O'Ryan was knocked out of his saddle and was bound as I was, and three of his men were also taken prisoners. Six men lay

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dead, two of ours and four of the enemy, bearing terrible witness to the fact that the fight had been no child's play. It was my first experience of medieval warfare, but it was not destined to be my last.

"With luck we may get to heaven," O'Ryan whispered to me, "but I don't think we'll ever get to Yadasara. Prisoners of war get badly handled. We'd be better off lying with those poor devils yonder."

Surrounded on every side by mountains, twilight is of short duration in Drussenland. It was dark long before we came to our journey's end, and in spite of O'Ryan's gloomy forebodings I was not sorry to reach the rebel headquarters.

The rebel camp, which was set around a good sized town, called Meer, I learned later, lay between two spurs of the hills, and we came upon it suddenly. O'Ryan and I were taken into a barnack yard full of armed men and after our hands had been untied were locked in a dungeon. We were in absolute darkness and for some moments stood quite still and were silent. Then O'Ryan growled out long string of oaths, which must have given him considerable trouble to collect, and ended by consigning himself to perdition for leaving his flask in his saddlebag.

A flood of daylight pouring into the darkness through the open doorway awoke me and almost blinded me too. I rose to my feet, but the two soldiers who entered had not come for me. They shook O'Ryan, who, after a few sleepy grunts, stood up, very wide awake indeed.

"Wanted so soon?" he said.

One of the soldiers answered in the affirmative.

"Good! Far better than long waiting," he said, and he shook hands with me.

The next moment he was gone. The door closed and was locked again, and I was alone. Perhaps an hour elapsed before the door opened again. A soldier entered and placed on the floor some food and a flagon of wine. I thanked him, and he saluted me. He waited until I had eaten some of the food and drunk the wine, with what relish I leave to the imagination, and then requested me to follow him. Outside a small guard received me, and I was taken across the barnack yard, which was full of life and business, to a building on the opposite side.

It must have been about noon when a body of warriors more imposing than any I had yet seen marched into the yard. The officer came to me.

"The princess holds council, and I am commanded to bring you before her," he said.

I inclined my head.

My journey to the council hall was through the streets, and many people, chiefly women and old men, had gathered to see me pass. We turned into a courtyard surrounded on three sides by massive stone buildings, and marching straight across the hall, for a moment before entering, which opened into a great hall. At each end of the building was a huge round window, but the lighting was insufficient, and the place was gloomy. The floor was of stone flags, worn a good deal, and indeed the whole edifice looked old. I knew little of architecture, but although the style was common in Drussenland I have seen nothing like it elsewhere. Seated in the center of the hall on a platform was a woman surrounded by knights

who were clad in steel—a goodly sight to look upon. If strange to such eyes as mine. Just below the platform on either side stood a dozen men in loose garments reaching from shoulder to heel, tied at the waist with a white sash, the ends of which fell to the ground. Each wore a white skullcap. They were all elderly men, and their hair and beards had been allowed to grow at will.

To say that the princess was the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever rested upon is hardly to describe her. The whole of Princess Daria's world allowed that she was the most beautiful of women, and the women of Drussenland are beautiful. Her warriors, from the highest knight to the humblest soldier, worshipped her and had sworn obedience to him who should win her for himself. My first impression was that she was fit to rule those who bowed before her. She looked queenly and their mistress. Seated in her chair of state, as I first saw her, she looked a princess; she looked what she was, the idol of her people, and she looked more, a woman a man could love.

Every eye was turned toward me as I advanced up the hall. Certainly never before had I been such a center of attraction. I saw O'Ryan standing at the foot of the platform between two soldiers, but as I approached he eluded their vigilance, and rushing toward me, fell on his knee and kissed my hand, whispering as he did so:

"Admit everything. It's our only chance."

Evidently I had to play a part of some sort. There was silence for some moments as I stood at the foot of the platform. The princess leaned forward in her seat to study me closely, and I tried to look unconscious of the sensation I caused.

He in the white robe and the silver girdle was the first to speak.

"Is it true what this man has told concerning you?" he said, pointing to O'Ryan.

"Sometimes men lie. What has he told concerning me?" I said.

"That suddenly, while he watched in the night, you came from the mountains quickly by a path unknown, which no man has traveled."

"It is true."

"Know you ought of us in Drussenland?"

"I know that war sings death among the hills."

"Naught else?"

"I know that Khrym looks down and

is sorrowful, hiding his head with a cloud."

"The great Khrym shall be appeased tomorrow," he said. "Is it from Khrym you have come?"

"He asked the question slowly."

"I have said that I came from the mountains. Has any man traversed the path I have traversed?"

"And you have come to help us?"

"To all good."

"Tell us your mission that we may know you."

"From the mountains have I come to help you against your enemies. Be strong, and your princess shall sit upon the throne in Yadasara. Be faithful, be patient, and that which has been hidden for ages from your eyes shall once more sparkle in the sunlight in Drussenland."

My allusion to the treasure had an electrical effect upon my audience.



"ADMIT EVERYTHING. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE."

The princess rose to her feet, and the steel rang mightily as every sword leaped from its scabbard. The priests bowed low, and shout after shout made the massive walls echo again.

Only one man seemed unmoved at my statement—he who stood at the right hand of the princess.

"Has the priest sure proof that the knight so long expected has come?"

"The priests shall study before they speak certainly, Count Vasca."

"Remember," said the count, irritated at the priest's quiet answer and pointing to O'Ryan, "on the word of a foreign dog we are trusting."

"Nay, count, on the word of the knight himself."

It was the princess who spoke. It was the first time I had heard her speak, and her voice thrilled me.

"The princess has judged," answered the count. "What, then, shall be done to this foreign dog, who, knowing that this was the promised knight, sought to carry him to our enemies in Yadasara?"

A growl of hatred followed these words, and I saw that it was likely to go hard with O'Ryan.

"Stay!" I cried, raising my arm for silence. "Those who fight in a cause, faithful to that cause, are worthy of honor. These foreign dogs, valiant though they be, fight often in ignorance."

"To that man owes many a knight his overthrow," said the count.

"If he has been mighty in a wrong cause more mighty shall he be in a right one. He has told the truth of me and is therefore sacred to me and to my cause."

"Then I have not understood our laws," said Count Vasca in a voice which rang clear and loud through the hall. "Since the days when the mountains shut in our land no foreign dog has come to us, who are true Drussenlanders. Our enemies have called them in to slay us, but we who are true people hate them even with a more deadly hatred than those who, born in the land, bear arms against us in the pay of him who calls himself the king. Have not the priests, speaking as with the mouth of Khrym himself, commanded us to crush them as we would reptiles under our feet? Have the priests given us false counsel, or does this knight overstep his mission? Would Khrym speak in one way to the priests and after another manner to his messenger? Is it not strange, princess, that two commands concerning our enemies are given us?"

"Count Vasca speaks most truly," I said. "But man's judgment is bound by the things of today, and of the morrow he knows naught. Where man sees only an enemy today, Khrym may recognize one who shall tomorrow be his messenger. This foreign dog has been so marked out. Had it not been given to him to know me might he not have attacked me instead of welcoming me? If in his ignorance he wished to take me to those whom he served he was not faithfully fulfilling his duty as he understood it? The priests have well understood and have rightly spoken the law, but of this man they have not spoken."

"He is a foreign dog; it is enough," said the count, but no sound of approbation followed.

"I came from the mountains, and to the mountains I can return."

"The priests have not yet consulted," he said.

"Let them beware how they do so!" I answered. "In their study lies the fate of Drussenland. This man is my armor bearer, my page and squire."

Speak, princess. Judge betwixt Count Vasca and me. As your knight I claim this man, sacred to me and to my cause."

"Princess—"

"Pardon, count," she said, interrupting him. "Sir Knight, the man is yours."

"Study tonight," said the princess, turning to the priests. "Tomorrow after sunset shall we hold audience, and you shall declare if this is he so long by you expected. Count, see this knight and his servant well attended, then come to me. I have a word for you in private."

For one moment the princess looked at me keenly and then turned. A door at the back of the platform was thrown open, and followed by a guard of soldiers, she disappeared.

Count Vasca came to me.

"I am commanded to see you fittingly entertained," he said, and he led the way through one of the side doors. O'Ryan and I following, a small guard behind us, whether to honor us or to see that we did not escape I do not know.

We passed down several long corridors, and then mounted a flight of stairs.

"Rest here until tomorrow," said the count, ushering us into a spacious apartment. "I will see that you are served."

In a short time food was brought us and wine in flagons.

CHAPTER IV.

I COULD get nothing out of O'Ryan until he had done full justice to the food and wine.

"This is much better than sudden death," he said, setting down his empty flagon with an intense sigh of satisfaction.

"Tell me who I am supposed to be."

"A saint."

"I don't feel like one."

"You play that part to perfection."

"I feel more like a considerable sized liar."

"It was the only way out of it. Half measures were no good. How were you going to act up to promise I don't know. You may possibly get the princess to the capital, but how you're going to find a treasure which doesn't exist beats me."

"I told them to be patient," I said.

"You did, but I don't think patience is of much use to them."

"Count Vasca didn't believe a word I said."

"No. Still, he is not too well loved. The priests hate him because he does not love the priests, and many of the knights hate him because they believe the princess thinks too much of him."

"Loves him, do you mean?"

"Yes. He is a kinsman of hers and wishes to marry her. Most of the knights swallowed your story, and the princess—"

"What of her?"

"Well, she may believe it or she may not, but she's a woman and you're a big, good looking man. If the priests say you are the knight expected I don't think she'll raise any objection."

"Let me know just where I am, O'Ryan," I said after a pause. "What tale did you tell me?"

"I began telling the truth, and when I saw how interested they were I varnished it a little. The legend about the treasure says that a great knight shall come to Drussenland and find it. The priests' questions first put it into my head. Your appearance had already impressed the soldiers, so I just cut in and swore that the treasure exists, and everybody was expecting. It was a pretty bold move, seeing I had not talked it over with you, but it was a good one—witness our being here."

"If the people believe this legend so implicitly, how was it you were treacherous hunting when I first came upon you?"

"Easily explained," said O'Ryan. "The king in Yadasara is not much under priestly influence. He likes having his own way, and although he firmly believes that the treasure exists, he thinks he can find it without any supernatural aid, and if it does exist I dare say he is quite right."

"Probably."

"Besides, he is surrounded by a good many nineteenth century adventurers, who care about as much for religion as a cow does for roast partridge. To put it shortly, the superstitious part of the people are mostly here with the princess."

"But what is the religion of Drussenland?"

"I'm not much at religion myself. Verrall," he said. "They are not heathens in this country, but everything has a symbol. You have seen how the mountain Khrym stands like a sentinel over the land. It is the most prominent feature, and when thinking of the author of his being and ruler of his destiny every true Drussenlander thinks of Khrym; therefore Khrym has come to mean God, and, although they do not worship the mountain, they believe that the appearance of the mountain reflects the pleasure or displeasure of the Almighty."

"Do all the people believe this symbolical jumble?"

"I think so—that is, all who are for the princess. I don't suppose the priests believe all they teach, but it suits them to keep up the superstition, and this war has become a kind of religious one."

"Have they no gods in Yadasara?" I asked.

"Many, and very wisely for themselves, they tend to at pleasure the king. That king, however, too, has been done in by the priests."

"So I am to be a knight sent from Khrym?"

"You told them so."

"How the devil is to be kept up I don't know."

"First of all, look up that conscience of yours for a bit and play the game to the end."

The Woman Alive

to her own best interests,—as soon as there is need, will help her whole system with the tonic action of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

All women should read the special directions with every box.

Sold Everywhere In boxes 10c. and 25c.

"There seems nothing else to be done."

"Do you know what my name is supposed to be?"

"I think you are nameless at present. It is of little consequence. If necessary I'd just be too great a personage altogether to have a name and let them dub you what they will. Then, Sir Knight, whatever your name is, I am your humble squire."

The next morning was clear and sunny. Our quarters overlooked a large square, which appeared to be the center of the town, and, although it was early when I awoke, the business of the day was commenced. O'Ryan was still sleeping, and I did not wake him. Men and women were hurrying to and fro across the square, some staying to gossip for a few moments with their neighbors, talking eagerly, and I could not help thinking that their conversation was of me. Looking across the town, I could see a large portion of the camp, where all was movement and bustle, armor and arms glistening in the sun, and the dull rumble of many voices ascended to my ears. Beyond the camp, across the spur of the lower hills, I could see the summit of Khrym standing out white against the blue sky.

The sound of trumpets broke my reverie. Into the square marched a troop of warriors with lances sloped and with rhythmic tread, and in the midst of them, attended by dozen knights, was Princess Daria. She rode as a man, clothed in a light coat of mail, a low steel helmet upon her head, from underneath which strayed a lock or two of her hair. Her limbs were cased in steel, and her horse was in armor. No wonder her soldiers worshipped her!

"A brave show, Sir Knight."

I had not heard O'Ryan stirring, and he startled me.

"A warlike young woman," he went on. "That cavalcade going along Whitehall would make London think a little. Very warlike, but still a woman. Don't forget that."

"Am I likely to forget it?"

"Caught already, eh? Well, the women in this country take a lot of beating. I'm wondering how my wife in the capital yonder is getting on. If I ever get back I expect I'll have to do some more hacking for her. When I don't turn up she'll say, 'Poor Dennis, he's dead,' and then—"

"Well?" I said as he paused.

"Then she'll marry some one else."

"Are there no widows, then?"

"A few old ones. The young are philosophical. Mike may be a better man than Pat, but Pat living is worth any number of dead Mike's."

"Cheer up, O'Ryan," I said. "You must win her back if necessary."

The center of the square was kept clear, and here about noon three sets of double stakes were fixed firmly in the ground.

Presently a single trumpet sounded, and as its last note echoed among the hills a great host hurried into the air, shout that woke the hills to voice again. A silence followed, and I could hear faintly a slow, mournful, although not unmusical, chant coming from some part of the building below us.

"Some religious ceremony," I said.

O'Ryan nodded.

There was the clatter of horses' hoofs, and a troop of knights, headed by Count Vasca, appeared. I looked among them to find the princess, but she was not there. There was a savage satisfaction in the count's face as he glanced up at our windows. We both drew back.

"That man will be our greatest enemy," said O'Ryan. "Better that he should not see us watching."

"His looks augur us no good," I answered. "It may be that the priests have decided against me."

"No. There is no audience until after sunset. You heard the command yesterday."

"The count may know beforehand."

"I don't think the old priests would make a confidant of him. In their enemy lies our safety."

The doings in the square prevented me from asking further questions.

A company of soldiers marched out from the building below us, having in their midst three men, naked almost, with their arms bound tightly behind them. They were followed by priests walking two and two.

Each prisoner was bound between two stakes, his arms and legs outstretched. Before each man stood a soldier, a drawn sword in his hand, and behind stood the priests. The silence was intense; I could hear my own heart beat.

"Three prisoners! Your followers!" I whispered.

Suddenly I remembered the words of the priest that tomorrow Khrym should be appeased. This was what he meant. Great heavens, it was too horrible!

I opened my mouth to speak, and O'Ryan's heavy hand was on my arm.

A flourish of trumpets rang out; three swords like lightning strokes flashed in the sunlight; three bodies quivered for a moment and then hung motionless upon the stakes.

My blood was boiling. Such cold blooded murder was appalling, sickening, and I longed for freedom to dash into the midst of those fiends and avenge the victims.

O'Ryan did not give me time to be angry.

"You'll know that I was right when you're able to think quietly," he said.

"You must forget that you have lived in the nineteenth century. After all, it was a quick death, merciful to many deaths I have heard of."

"Is there no way out of this infernal country," I said—"now, before it is too late?"

"Steadily, Sir Knight. Yonder in Yadasara are your enemies. You'll find even worse blackguards there."

"I dare swear that Count Vasca reviled in this murderous exhibition," I said after a pause.

"Very likely."

"And the princess?" I said questioningly.

"She must rule according to her people's law," said O'Ryan.

"She must have known of it," I went on, speaking rather to myself than to my companion. "Such a thing could not be possible without her knowing it. What devilry can lie at the heart of a beautiful woman!"

"Aye, from Adam's time even until now," said O'Ryan.

(To be Continued)

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION & BETTER HEALTH



Will come, naturally, if Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is used, when a pleasant laxative remedy is needed, to cleanse the system gently yet effectively and to dispel colds and headaches due to constipation.

Its world-wide acceptance as the best of family laxatives, for men, women and children and its approval by the most eminent physicians, because its component parts are known to them and known to be wholesome and truly beneficial, are the best guarantees of the excellence of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

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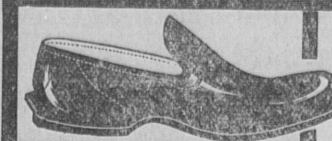


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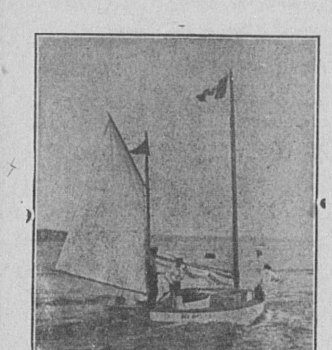
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Made in sizes from 3 to 40HP.

We manufacture **Scallop Hoists** and are headquarters for supplies and parts. With a **Knox Motor** and **Hoist** your drag will always come up. We have the best **Hoist** on the market. Call and see or write for information.

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For SCREENS AND SCREEN DOORS

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221 MAIN STREET, OVER RISING'S GARAGE

GLENCOVE

The Sunday school had a Christmas tree and concert at the schoolhouse last Saturday evening. There were over 60 persons in attendance. The room was nicely decorated with evergreen, holly and Christmas bells, the latter being furnished by Miss Clara McIntosh. Two large trees were heavily laden with gifts. The entertainment program follows:

Singing—Happy Christmas Season
Scripture reading, Supt. Mrs. Nelson J. Hurd
Prayer, Rev. Mr. Thurston, of Rockport
Recitation—Bethlehem's Christmas Eve
Marion Carroll

Reading—A Christmas of Long Ago
Recitation—The Wise Men
Four Girls
Recitation—An Angel's Song
Caroline Sherer
Singing—God's Suffering Poor
Eva Sherry
Recitation—Santa Claus
Helen Gregory
Recitation—Christmas Cheer
Caroline Sherer
Singing—Beautiful Star
Four Girls
Recitation—Santa Claus and the Monks
Eva Sherry

Recitation—Cradled in a Manger Gladys Macy
Singing—O City Fair
Eva Sherry, Rose Prescott
Recitation—The Shepherd
Charles Sherer
Singing—Sunbeams of the Heart
Charles Sherer
Recitation—Christmas
Gladys Gregory
Singing—Old Santa Claus
Rose Prescott
Emma Gregory, Eva L. Sherry and Rose Prescott presided at the organ.

After the exercises G. A. Stuart, Supt. of the Rockport schools, addressed the audience.

Frank H. Ingraham of Rockland gave the Christmas address at the schoolhouse Sunday afternoon, using for his reading the second chapter of Luke. At the close of the service one of the number present rose for prayers.

Mrs. Mattie Maddocks and son Fred spent Christmas at Owl's Head.

Merritt A. Whitney is widening the stone wall along Commercial street on the Dr. Tremaine property. The wall is about 60 rods long and is five feet wide on the southern end. Mr. Whitney is to add two feet to the width.

Mrs. Aravesta Oxtom of Rockville is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Gregory.

Miss Ida Stubbs of Rockland is spending a few days with Mrs. Zebulon Lufkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Almon Oxtom spent Sunday with V. F. Studley and family in Rockland.

EAST UNION

Miss Florence Brewster, who is teaching school at this place, spent the holidays at her home in Warren. There was a Christmas tree and entertainment at Farmer's hall, Monday evening.

Mrs. Jane W. Littlehale wishes to thank her many friends for so kindly remembering her with a shower of post cards on her 89th birthday.

Burleigh Esancy attended the State Grange at Lewiston last week.

James Dornan was at home from Rockland for a few days recently.

Miss Winnifred Young spent Christmas with friends in Rockland.

J. M. Davis has returned home from a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Winnie Hubbard, in Yonkers, N. Y.

At Fountains & Elsewhere

Ask for "HORLICK'S"

The Original and Genuine Malted Milk

The Food-drink for All Ages.

At restaurants, hotels, and fountains. Delicious, invigorating and sustaining. Keep it on your sideboard at home. Don't travel without it.

A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no imitation. Just say "HORLICK'S".

Not in Any Milk Truck

When I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, I was in great distress day and night. Before I received sample, by mail, I went to our best doctor (and he is second to none in this vicinity) and told him how I felt. He put me up a bottle of medicine. I was about a week taking the medicine, but was no better than when I began. I then tried a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and before I got through with it, I felt a change. The scalding sensation did not bother only a few times in the middle of the day. I would not have believed such a small quantity would have done so much, but before I had taken one-half bottle I was all right and have been since. Gratefully yours,

GEORGE S. CHAMPLIN, Ashaway, R. I. State of Rhode Island, County of Washington, ss. Personally appeared Geo. S. Champlin, to me well known and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true.

E. R. ALLEN, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention The Rockland Courier-Gazette. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

SOUTH WARREN

Gladys Spear spent Christmas with friends at Stahl's Hill.

George Harlow and family of Thomaston spent Sunday with Mrs. Harlow's mother, Mrs. Jennie Libby, at North Cushing.

Warren E. Davis of Arlington, Mass., and Miss Annie B. Spear of this place were united in marriage Dec. 19 by Rev. W. A. Newcombe, D. D. of Thomaston. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Allene Hall went to Rockland Christmas to take dinner with Mrs. Edward Richardson.

Ends Winter's Troubles

To many winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold-sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bu-ken's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema, Itch, Sprains. Only 25¢. At W. H. Kittredge, Rockland; G. I. Robinson Drug Co., Thomaston; R. W. Wiley, Vinahaven.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop. 90-10

MEN'S OVERSHOES 98c

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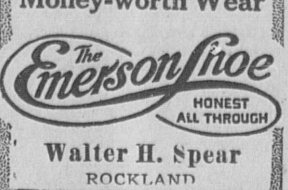
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Money-worth Wear



Walter H. Spear

ROCKLAND

CUSHING

James Ulmer of this place and Mrs. Vesta Stone of Thomaston were quietly married at Rockland Dec. 15. Monday night, Dec. 18, they were given an old fashioned serenade. Their many friends wish them many years of happiness.

Rev. Mr. Taylor of Friendship assisted by Rev. Mr. Carter are holding evening meetings at the Ulmer schoolhouse every Tuesday.

Mrs. C. F. Maloney spent Christmas with her son Willie and family.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rivers are visiting relatives and friends in Malden and East Pepperell, Mass.

B. W. Rivers and son Lyle were guests of A. R. Rivers Christmas.

Little Miss Georgie Wyllie of Thomaston was a visitor at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Taylor, last week.

Principal Charles Teague of Lincoln Academy was a recent guest in town.

Mrs. Owen P. Wotton and son Eldest visited friends in Rockland last week.

Mrs. Isaac Davis was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. M. M. Maloney, last Friday.

Willie Maloney is at home from Benner Island, where he has been engaged in lobster fishing, and with Fred Geyer will attend court in Rockland next week in the capacity of jurymen.

William Sheldon was in Thomaston Thursday.

UNION

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goss and daughter came from Gorham to spend Christmas with Mrs. Goss' mother, Mrs. E. M. Shaw.

George Thomas and family, F. M. Lucas and family, W. A. Coggan and family, Miss Donna Coggan, and Earl and Will Gaslin are boarding at Mrs. E. M. Shaw's.

Twelve men are busy setting electric light poles between Hall's Mills and Union Common.

ONE-HALF BOTTLE OF THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY ACCOMPLISHES WONDERS

When I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, I was in great distress day and night. Before I received sample, by mail, I went to our best doctor (and he is second to none in this vicinity) and told him how I felt. He put me up a bottle of medicine. I was about a week taking the medicine, but was no better than when I began. I then tried a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and before I got through with it, I felt a change. The scalding sensation did not bother only a few times in the middle of the day. I would not have believed such a small quantity would have done so much, but before I had taken one-half bottle I was all right and have been since. Gratefully yours,

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BOSTON SHOE STORE

287 Main St., Rockland, Me.

VINAHAVEN

J. F. Armbrust has returned from a several weeks' visit in New London, New York, Boston and Portland.

Miss Mildred Ames and Miss Alta Ames left last Friday for Rockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McRae of Bath are visiting Mrs. McRae's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Che. ynde.

Miss Nellie Keay of Hurlingham spent Christmas in town, the guest of Mrs. Jennie Smith.

Miss S. V. Colburn visited her brother, I. L. Hall, in Rockland recently.

William Russell of Lynn and Charles and Joseph Russell of Boston are at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Russell, for the holidays.

Mrs. W. V. Fossett returned from Boston Thursday.

Miss Henrietta Hall of Boston is a guest of Miss Laura B. Sanborn.

Lewis O. Hopkins was home from Boston to spend Christmas week.

Miss Floyd Hopkins and Miss Cora Hopkins were home from Rockland for Christmas.

Dr. H. L. Raymond returned from Boston Saturday.

Reuben Carver, Jr., spent Saturday in Rockland.

Mrs. and Mrs. Michael Landers and children of Hurlingham have been visiting relatives in town for the past few days.

J. Haldon Roberts of Philadelphia is spending a short vacation with his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Roberts.

Clarence Adams and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams of Portland are at the home of their parents for the holidays.

Pauline Patterson returned Friday from a visit in Rockland with her aunt, Mrs. Orrin Smith.

The Masons and Marguerite Chapter, O. E. S., attended service at Union church Sunday morning.

Harvey Webster of Baltimore and Lloyd Webster of Rochester are in town for a short stay.

Herbert Libby and Austin Bucklin are home from Boston for a week.

Work in the third and fourth degrees was performed at the last meeting of the Grange.

Mrs. Hollis Pettigill and daughter spent Christmas in Rockland.

Miss Ellen Tolman of Rockland has been a guest at C. A. Shields'.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robertson and daughter Lillian and Miss Alice G. Lane left last week for Milton, Mass., where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Turner.

Henry W. Smith returned from Boston Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clarke of Portland are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carver.

Mrs. F. B. Hall visited in Rockland Thursday.

Miss Beatrice Ewell returned from Rockland last Friday.

Miss Winnie Gray has returned from Lewiston.

Mrs. Katherine G. Coombs and son Horace have returned from Rockland where they spent Christmas with relatives.

Wyvern Coombs and Freeman Brown of Bowdoin college are in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tressider of Rockland have been in town recently.

WALDOBORO

The days are beginning to lengthen.

Miss Frankie Achorn came home from Rockland to spend Christmas with relatives.

True and Dorothy Waltz are at home from Boston for a few days.

Charles N. Winslow spent Christmas here with his relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott of Gardiner were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott, recently.

Miss Marguerite Wade underwent an operation for appendicitis recently, and is doing well.

Mrs. Clara and Dora Gay are at home for a few days.

Charles Ambrose of Somerville, Mass., spent Christmas with H. C. Soule.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Sanborn were in town a few days last week.

Mrs. Della Kennedy entertained a family party Christmas. Those present were: H. N. Winslow, Rose and Charles Winslow and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Winslow.

The Methodist Sunday School had a Christmas tree at the vestry last Saturday afternoon.

Carl Hanner is working for Will Flint.

Rolliston and Charles Linscott are at home from Dartmouth College for the Christmas recess.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by Norcross Drug Stores, Rockland; McDonald's Drug Store, Thomaston.

STATE OF MAINE

Knox ss. At a Probate Court held at Rockland, in and for said County of Knox, on the 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

A certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Oscar R. Fage, late of said County of Knox, having been presented for probate:

Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the County-Gazette, a newspaper published at Rockland, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Rockland, in and for said County, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

EDWARD C. PAYSON, Judge of Probate.
A true copy—Attest:
102-2 CLARENCE D. PAYSON, Register.

STATE OF MAINE

Knox ss. At a Probate Court held at Rockland, in and for said County of Knox, on the 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

A certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Oscar R. Fage, late of said County of Knox, having been presented for probate:

Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the County-Gazette, a newspaper published at Rockland, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Rockland, in and for said County, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

EDWARD C. PAYSON, Judge of Probate.
A true copy—Attest:
102-2 CLARENCE D. PAYSON, Register.

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STATE OF MAINE
To the Honorable, the Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the County of Knox:
Respectfully represents Romanzo O. Spear of Hurlingham, in said County of Knox, guardian of the estate of George W. Simmons, late of Hurlingham, in said County of Knox, deceased:

That said minor is the owner of certain real estate, situated in Rockland, in said County, and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a spruce tree at the company land, so called, but known as the Spruce tree, and running thence south 32 rods to state and stones; thence south 37 degrees west 50 rods to state and stones; thence south 37 degrees east 128 rods, more or less, to state and stones; thence south 37 degrees east 60 rods to the company land, so called; thence north 33 degrees west 10 rods to state and stones; thence north 37 degrees east 10 rods to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres, more or less, and being a portion of the estate of George W. Simmons, late of Hurlingham, in said County of Knox, deceased, as recorded in book 18, page 186, of the records of said County of Knox, dated April 22, 1883, recorded in book 3, page 280.

For further description of the above described premises and the whole of said land, see deed of Harrison Farnham to said Romanzo and Simmons, dated April 10, 1883, recorded in book 3, page 183; deed of Mal Manman to George W. Simmons, dated Nov. 8, 1885, recorded in book 18, page 186; deed of Mal Manman to Orris B. Manman, dated Dec. 11, 1899, recorded in book 22, page 22; and deed of Margaret Manman, admrx. of the estate of Orris B. Manman to Alvin T. Oxtom, dated July 25, 1902, recorded in book 128, page 48, Knox Registry of Deeds.

It would be for the benefit of said minor that said real estate should be sold and the proceeds placed at interest. Wherefore your petitioner prays that he may be licensed to sell and convey said real estate at private sale as for the purpose of said petition.

Dated at Warren, Maine, this sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1911.

ROMANZO O. SPEAR, Guardian.

KNOX COUNTY.
In Probate Court held at Rockland, on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911.

A certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Frederick A. Frost, late of said County of Knox, having been presented for probate, and for said County, on the 16th day of January next, in the County-Gazette, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of probate to be held in Rockland, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

EDWARD C. PAYSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest:
102-2 CLARENCE D. PAY

THOMASTON

Capt. W. B. Willey arrived home from Portland Wednesday night.

At the regular meeting of Grace Chapter, O. E. S. Wednesday evening it was voted to hold a picnic supper the first meeting in each month. It was also voted to form a sewing circle and meet at the hall in the afternoon of the days in which the supper will be held. The first meeting of the circle will be held one week from next Wednesday, Jan. 10th, 1912. Members are requested to come early and bring their work. Picnic supper at six o'clock.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline J. Jordan of Thomaston and Capt. William J. Tobey of Washington, Kan.

General Knox Chapter, D. A. R., will meet with Mrs. Frank B. Hills, Monday, January 1st, 1912. Supper will be served at six o'clock.

Christmas was observed at the State prison by an entertainment in the chapel in the morning. Mrs. Katherine F. Andrews, Miss Cora Russell and Miss Bessie Stuart each rendered vocal numbers very acceptably. A large Victor graphophone gave several selections and was a very interesting feature, as some of the men had never before seen or heard a talking machine. At the close of the entertainment every man was given a little bag of nuts and confectionery, and in the afternoon a special Christmas dinner was served. All in all the day was a bright and pleasant one for the inmates.

The public schools will begin next Tuesday, Jan. 2.

Christmas trees for members of the Sunday schools were held at the Baptist and Methodist churches Monday evening.

Mrs. Emily Smith entertained the Outing Bridge Club Tuesday afternoon, the prize being won by Miss Caroline Jordan. The club will meet with Mrs. C. A. Creighton next week.

The funeral of Albert F. Hyler was held Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Newcomb, D. D., officiating. The bearers were Charles C. McDonald, Ralph G. Whitney, Maurice Derry and Fred J. Overlock.

Breathe Hyomei and relieve catarrh in a few minutes. Breathe it regularly and catarrh disappears entirely. G. Robinson Drug Co., Thomaston and Waldoboro Drug Co., Waldoboro, guarantee it. Outfit including inhaler \$1.00. Separate bottles 50 cents.

If your hair is thin, is falling or splitting; if your scalp itches and you are afflicted with dandruff G. I. Robinson Drug Co., Thomaston and Waldoboro Drug Co., Waldoboro, guarantee Parisian Sage to end these troubles, or money back. 50 cents.

CAMDEN

Capt. and Mrs. J. D. Crowley of Boston spent Christmas in town with relatives. Plans have been made whereby the Coastwise Transportation Co. is to have a new steamer built and added to its fleet.

E. Penny has been appointed agent for the North Western Mutual Life Insurance Co.

W. Bassick left Thursday for Virginia where he will spend the winter. Fred Adams of Bangor was the guest of Miss Ella Adams Tuesday.

Rufus Ferren of Boston is visiting his parents in town.

W. L. Randall of Belfast was in town Wednesday calling on customers.

C. L. Beedy of Portland and Howard Beedy of Yale were in town over Christmas.

Henry Evans of Augusta is spending the week-end with his parents. John Curtis arrived this week from New York City and will spend a few days with his parents before leaving for Europe about Jan. 1.

E. B. Clark, John French and Henry Tolman are guests of G. A. Tuttle at "Camp Ellis," Seven Tree Pond.

Miss Marian Bucklin is home from Rockland where she has undergone a serious operation. Her many friends are glad of her speedy recovery.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Charlesena Theresa Williamson to David Walter Mann on Saturday, Dec. 23 at Spruce Head. The bride will be remembered by many friends in Camden as she spent the greater part of the last two years in town.

The annual installation of Meunitecock Grange will take place next Wednesday evening, and a full attendance is desired.

The ladies of the Baptist Circle met Wednesday with Mrs. Charles Burd, Elm street.

The management of Fairland Theatre have introduced a line of musical specialties and an orchestra. Last Monday and Wednesday evenings they had an orchestra of five pieces, and in the future will give specialties on the banjo, mandolin and guitar. The management have engaged a tenor singer and musician to act as musical director, and intend to place the best pictures and specialties before the public.

ITCHING IRRITATION

Worst Form of Skin Trouble Quickly Cured by Inexpensive Treatment.

When you suffer with any skin trouble even though the itching seems unbearable, do not think that it is necessary to use some disgusting greasy ointment. Try HOKA, a pure and simple skin food that is guaranteed to contain no grease or acids and which is so cleanly it does not soil the linen.

Its power to instantly relieve any irritation of the skin and make it soft, white and beautiful is almost miraculous.

Not only are minor skin troubles like pimples, blackheads, acne, barber's itch, etc., quickly cured but the worst ulcers or cases of salt rheum or eczema are cleansed and healed by this wonderful skin food.

In order that any one may try HOKA at small expense C. H. Pendleton is selling a liberal sized jar at 25c and in addition guarantees to refund the money if the treatment does not do all that is claimed for it. Larger size 50 cents.

They cool and cleanse the blood and regulate the bowels in a natural manner.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Special—All Rockland Theatre going patrons attending the Saturday matinee will be presented with a souvenir picture in a booklet free from "Si Stebbins."

Thomaston National Bank

WE ARE STILL PUTTING OUT THOSE LITTLE

NICKEL SAFES

that have proved so popular. What more appropriate gift can you make your children or friend than to open an account for them on even so small an amount as one dollar and receive one of these beautiful safes FREE?

We pay the highest rate of interest consistent with safe banking. Interest begins the first of each month.

In our Checking Department we offer the best of facilities for all kinds of banking. We issue Traveler Checks, payable anywhere, at small cost.

Our Vault is Fire and Burglar Proof. Deposit Boxes for rent at \$3.00 per year and up.

Depository of the U. S. Postal Savings Bank.

Members of the State and The American Bankers Association.

YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED

Call, write or telephone.

Thomaston National Bank

FRANK O. HASKELL

CASH PRICES FOR SATURDAY AND MONDAY ONLY

Telephone 316. Mail and Telephone Orders Carefully Filled

Free Delivery in Thomaston Thursdays. Flour 25c Extra

Cut Prices on Everything Every Saturday

Stocks Flour, per bbl.	\$5.00	New Onions, 12 lbs.	.25
Bag Flour, per bbl.	.65 & .75	Baldwin Apples, per bbl.	\$1.50
Fine Granulated Sugar, 16 lbs.	\$1.00	Lump Starch, 7 lbs.	.25
Graham Flour, 15c pkgs. 2 pkgs.	.25	Men's Wool Stockings, 35c pr. 3 pr.	\$1.00
Granulated Meal, 15c pkgs. 2 pkgs.	.25	\$1.50 No. 9 Copper bottom Wash	
New Layer Raisins, 15c lb. 2 lbs.	.25	Boilers	\$1.19
New Seed Raisins, per pkg.	.08 & .10	50c Lanterns	.39
New Dates, per lb.	.08	Toilet Paper, 8 pkgs.	.25
New Prunes, per lb.	.10	Pine Apple, 15c can 2 for	.25
Arm & Hammer Soda, 10 lbs.	.25	15c Tomatoes, per can	.10
Rice, 7 lbs.	.25	12c Tomatoes, 3 cans	.69
New Country Butter, per lb.	.30	Scott's Emulsion, per bottle	.25
Cream Beans, per qt. .09 per p.k.	.70	Swamp Root, per bottle	.69
Dried Peas, per qt.	.08	Wampole's Cod Liver Oil, per bottle	.69
25c Cans Cocoa, 18c can 3 cans	.50	Syrup of Figs, 50c size, per bottle	.37
New Butterine, 18c lb. 3 lbs.	.50	Malted Milk, 50c size, per bottle	.37
10c bags Table Salt, .06 bag 5 bags	.25	Johnson's Liniment, per bottle	.20
Maine Sugar Corn, per can 7c.	.80	Minard's Liniment, per bottle	.17
per doz.	.80	50c Beef, Iron and Wine, per bottle	.15
Maine String Beans, per can 7c.	.80	Bromo Quinine, per box	.18
per doz.	.80	Doan's and Williams' Pink Pills,	
Table Peaches, per can 12c per doz.	\$1.25	per box	.39
Tongues and Sounds, 10c lb. 3 lbs.	.25	Essences, (all kinds) per bottle	.08
New Dry Fish, per lb.	.05	Evaporated Peaches, 13c lb. 2 lbs.	.25
New Trippe, 5c lb. 7 lbs.	.25	Pop Corn, per lb.	.05
28c Choice Coffee, per lb.	.25	Tomato Catsup, 9c bottle 3 bottles	.25
Cereal Coffee, 15c lb. 2 lbs.	.25	Condensed Milk, 3 cans	.25
10c Corn Starch, 6c pkgs. 5 pkgs.	.25	Evaporated Milk, 7c can 4 cans	.25
60c Tea, per lb. 45c 50c Tea 35c,	.25	Rolls Oats, per pkg., small 8c large	.20
40c Tea	.25	10c Cocoa Shells, 5c pkgs. 6 pkgs.	.25
60c Molasses, per gal.	.45	Sal Soda, 5 lbs.	.05
Kerosene Oil, 5 gal.	.17	Cream Tartar, 1/2 lb. 15c 1 lb.	.25
Vinegar, per gal.	.15	Common Crackers 7c lb. 100 for	.25
Salmon, 15c can 2 cans	.05	Macaroni, Mince Meat, Shredded	.07
Chocolate, 1/2 lb. cakes	.10	Cocunut, Gelatine, per pkg.	.10
Salt Pork, 10c lb. 11 lbs.	\$1.00	Shredded Shoulders, per lb.	.10
Lard Comp. 5 lb. pails 45c 10 lb.	.90	Bacon, per lb.	.14
Lard Comp. 20 lb. tubs	\$1.70	Lamb's Heart and Liver	.07
American, Family and Lenox Soap,	.25	Pork Steak, 13c lb. 2 lbs.	.25
7 bars	.25	Sour Kraut, 4c lb. 7 lbs.	.25
Star Nappha powder, 6 pkgs.	.25	Salted Dandelion Greens, 7c lb.	.25
Applis, per pk.	.50	4 lbs.	.25
Turnips, per pk. 15c per bu.	.50		

The above prices are for cash only

Collector's Advertisement of Sale of Land of Non-Resident Owners.

STATE OF MAINE.

Unpaid Taxes on land situated in the Town of Camden, in the County of Knox for the year 1911.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Camden for the year 1911, committed to me for collection for said town, on the fifth day of July, 1911, remains unpaid, and notice is hereby given that if said taxes, interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction at the Camden Opera House in said Town (the same being the place where the last preceding Annual Town Meeting of said Town was held) on the first Monday of February, 1912, at nine o'clock a. m.

NAMES OF OWNERS.	DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.	AMOUNT OF TAX DUE INCLUDING INTEREST AND CHARGES.
Walden, Hannah Heirs—Mechanic and John street. McLean lot, containing 12 acres, more or less, bounded and described Page 127, Sec. 31, lot 80. Value \$500.		\$10.90
JOHN J. PAUL, Collector of Taxes for the Town of Camden, Maine, for the year 1911.		102-2

Dec. 21, 1911.

North National Bank
Rockland, Maine

ESTABLISHED 1854

Make 1912 Your Banner Year FOR SAVING MONEY

Now while the times are good and labor in demand is the time to increase one's surplus cash.

You are cordially invited to open an account with us. You can Safely and Conveniently Bank with us by Mail.

3 1-2 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

Box of 12 for \$1.00
Box of 25 for \$2.00
At All Cigar Stores

JUST TAKE A WHIFF of the smoke from J. W. A. cigars. If you are a lover of good tobacco you will know that the J. W. A. Regalia is as fragrant as the finest imported smokes. And the taste is just as good. Smoke one and tell us what you think of it. We don't think you'll be the first man to say it's not a splendid smoke.

The "J. W. A." Always Makes Good ON SALE AT ALL DEALERS

Box of 12 for \$1.00
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ROCKPORT

Howard Tribou is at home from Harvard Medical School spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. N. J. Tribou.

Levi Upham has gone to Islesboro, where he will have employment for the winter.

Mrs. Addie Jenkins is ill with pneumonia at her home, Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Merrill are visiting relatives in Patten, Me.

There will be a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. at the rooms next Monday evening at 7 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

Mrs. F. M. Robinson, Commercial street, has a Japan quince bush which is full of buds and a few days ago a branch was taken into the house and placed in water and the flowers are now in full bloom. Mr. Robinson, while walking over Beech Hill, Tuesday, picked a bunch of pussy willows, a hawthorne of Spring certainly several months ahead of time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cole Annis delightfully entertained friends Christmas day at their home in Simonton. The party numbered 20 and a delicious dinner was served and in the evening the guests were distributed from a well laden tree and the day was much enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Annis are royal entertainers, as all present can testify.

Frederick H. Sylvester returned Tuesday to Dorchester, Mass., after spending Christmas in town. He was accompanied by Mrs. Sylvester, who has been a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. H. Bohnell, Beech street, for several weeks.

Miss Grace Ulmer of Rockland Highlands was a guest at F. M. Robinson's Tuesday.

Rev. S. E. Frohock of Camden will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday morning. The evening service will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. F. Thurston, who will take for his subject, "A New Year's Message."

A graduate of Farmington Normal school, has been engaged to take the place of Mrs. Wiley in the 5th and 6th grades in Rockport village.

Miss Elizabeth McGee of Camden has been engaged to take the place of Miss F. Moore in the upper grades at West Rockport.

Hunter Grant of Orange, N. J., is in town.

The schools all open next Tuesday.

SPREAD CHRISTMAS CHEER

Salvation Army Distributed 150 Baskets of Wholesome Food Among Poor Families.

The Christmas dinner given by the local Salvation Army Corps was the yet a great deal of food among the hall on a street waiting patiently for their baskets which were given out promptly at 9.30. The baskets were heavy and the children who came could not possibly carry them. Several men of the crowd lent services with a real happy Christmas spirit. Over 80 baskets were given out, and where the families were large sacks of mixed vegetables were distributed. The food distributed last Monday by the Army in Rockland would have filled about 150 baskets.

Quite a number of seamen, sailors and strangers met in the Salvation Army hall Christmas night. Ensign Corbett had arranged everything to be as home-like as possible. There was a great deal of food among the "boys." Old-fashioned games were played; then for a rest, they would sing the old hymns—"Let the lower lights be burning." "I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest" and such hymns as seamen love. Then some more games of word and coffee and sandwiches between and all kinds of pies which the good friends had sent in. Before they left their pockets were filled with nuts and oranges. At the last of the old hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" was sung and everyone went away happy.

Ensign Corbett was unable to attend any of the meetings last Sunday. Sergeant Major Burns had charge of the services. The Ensign has been worked very hard, early and late and last Sunday he completely broke down. Monday, though feeling far from well, he directed all the efforts on that day but since then has been unable to go out owing to a severe cold.

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STATE OF MAINE

To the Honorable, the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Knox.

Respectfully represents Harriet Boardman, administratrix of the estate of Catherine Boardman, late of Thomaston, in said County, deceased, intestate, that said Catherine Boardman, at the time of her decease, was the owner of certain real estate situated in said Thomaston, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning on the westerly side of Beechwood street at the northerly line of land of John Boardman; thence easterly by said Boardman land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of P. Hanley; thence northerly by said Hanley land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of E. Hall; thence westerly by said Hall land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of P. Hanley; thence southerly by said Beechwood street to place of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Catherine Boardman by deed of R. Webb, recorded in Book 8, Page 61, of Knox Registry of Deeds.

Also one other lot or parcel of land, situated in said Thomaston, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning on the easterly side of Beechwood street at the southerly line of land of said John Boardman; thence easterly by said Boardman land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of P. Hanley; thence southerly by said Hanley land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of E. Hall; thence westerly by said Hall land one hundred and fifty feet, more or less, to land formerly of P. Hanley; thence southerly by said Beechwood street to place of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Catherine Boardman by deed of R. Webb, recorded in Book 8, Page 61, of Knox Registry of Deeds.

That the debts of said deceased, as near as can be ascertained, and of administration and of expenses of sale, and of administration, and that it is necessary for that purpose to sell the sum of \$800.00.

Whereas the petitioner prays that she may be licensed to sell and convey at private sale so much of said real estate as is necessary to pay the debts of said deceased, and of administration, and of expenses of sale, and of administration, and that it is necessary for that purpose to sell the sum of \$800.00.

That the value of the personal estate is that the personal estate is therefore insufficient to pay the debts of

In Social Circles

Mrs. John Annis of Stonington spent Christmas with her son, deputy marshal L. G. Barter, and his family. Mrs. Annis returned to Stonington Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grant announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret A. Grant, to Charles Warren Proctor, of this city. Miss Carrie Jameson spent Christmas with her mother at Warren street, city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pierce of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Rhodes, spent Christmas at F. A. Maxey's.

Ralph Smith of Auburn was a Christmas guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Gurdy street. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cushman of Kingman were guests Saturday and Sunday of Mrs. Annie Blackington; Christmas they were members of a jolly party at the home of Mrs. Cushman's mother, Mrs. Higgins, in Rockport.

Mr. Frank Smith and her two sons, Eland and Herbert Smith, of Belfast, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, Fales street, Rockland.

Mrs. Chas. Winchenbach of Waterville spent Christmas with Mrs. Chas. Thornton and Mrs. P. McAuliffe. Miss Mildred Dyer of Augusta is spending the holidays in Rockland and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simmons have returned from brief visits with relatives in York Beach, Portland, Boston and Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Zebec Simmons have also returned from several places in Maine and Massachusetts.

Mrs. John E. Leach is in Boston on a week's visit.

Mrs. Adelaide Farwell, who came home to spend Christmas, returned to Dover-Foxcroft Tuesday.

Winfield Kenniston was home from Lewiston to spend Christmas.

Miss Mary Kelley of Bangor spent Christmas with friends in this city.

Miss Edith Ashe and Miss Annie Mullen were home from Belfast to spend Christmas.

Norris Stevens of St. Lambert, Quebec, spent Christmas with Rockland friends.

Mrs. John D. Shepherd and daughter were home from East Boston to spend Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. James McInnis of Bucksport were guests over Christmas of C. A. McInnis, Broadway.

Mrs. Philip Howard and son Conrad are spending a few days at Mrs. Howard's former home in Boston.

Dr. H. E. Gribbin returned Wednesday night from Boston. Mrs. Gribbin and son Donald remain until the close of the school vacation.

Miss Della Bean was home from Boston to spend the Christmas season.

Miss Lenora Kenniston was home from Boston to spend the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morton came home from Dark Harbor to spend Christmas with Mrs. Morton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Temple, Grace street. Mr. Morton returned Tuesday, and Mrs. Morton will return Saturday.

J. C. Flint of New York spent Christmas at his home, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Martha Storer of Waldoboro, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Flint, returned home Sunday.

Miss Adelaide Holmes is here from Providence on a week's visit with Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Holmes.

Thursday being the 89th birthday of Henry Young, he celebrated it in a quiet, but congenial manner at his home on North Main street. Friends called during the day to offer congratulations and best wishes. Mr. Young received a number of presents among which was a large bouquet of pinkies; but what was especially pleasing, as it was unexpected to him, was the fact that he was remembered by friends both far and near, in Maine and other states, to such an extent that he was fairly showered with post cards. For a man who has nearly reached the century mark the years sit lightly upon him, and his friends wish for him many more such birthdays.

Mrs. Charles L. Sherer and granddaughter Carolyn are spending ten days with Mrs. Sherer's brother, W. S. Cleveland, in Portland.

Mrs. H. L. Higgins, daughter Mildred and Ralph Choate have returned from Boston where they visited Mr. Higgins at the McLean hospital, finding his condition much improved both mentally and physically.

Austin Bucklin of Boston has returned after spending Christmas with his aunt, Mrs. Willis Robbins; also at his home in Vinalhaven. He is working for the Edison Electric Co.

Sumner F. Thayer comes from visiting his grandmother, Mrs. M. M. Parker, Warren street.

Mayor Harvey Given and wife of Brunswick have been guests during the week of Mrs. Given's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wall, Florence street.

Abbie Merrill of South Hope, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Willis Robbins, has gone to Brookline to spend New Year's with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chatto.

Dr. and Mrs. Thayer of Waterville spent Christmas at E. R. Spear's.

Miss Blanche Cole of Skowhegan is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Nellie Sleeper, for the holidays.

Mrs. A. P. Ginn, who has been seriously ill, is greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ingerson of Attleboro, Mass., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ingerson, have returned home.

Charles Stream is visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barter, daughter Gurtha and Mrs. Lucy Elwell of Rockland attended the Rosemary wedding at Tenant's Harbor Wednesday.

The high school dance in Temple hall Christmas night was one of the most successful hops which the younger set of this city and vicinity has had an opportunity to enjoy for many years.

Schools and colleges were very much in evidence, and there was an exchange of greetings such as one finds only when there is a reunion of students. The Bontuit orchestra uncorked some of the very latest dance music, and happiness was reflected on every face as the happy couples whirled over the smooth surface of our handsome Temple hall. At intermission there was a grand rush for The Copper Kettle. Mrs. Thurlow's and other places where a young man likes to take his best girl when blowing in holiday cash. R. H. S. '12 is to be congratulated upon the complete success of its holiday dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Philbrook of Lynn, Mass., who spent Christmas with friends and relatives in this city, returned home Monday.

Special—All Rockland Theatre going patrons attending the Saturday matinee will be presented with a souvenir picture in a booklet free from "Si Stebbins."

Supreme court convenes next Tuesday. Looks like a busy term.

Vesper A. Leach Specialty Store

STOCK TAKING CLEARANCE SALE

THREE DAYS, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

January 4-5 and 6

"Close out all goods in season," that's the rule. To accomplish this means sweeping reductions and large losses, and brings many shrewd buyers from miles around. This Sale is the culmination of a very successful year's business, and we intend making reductions so low on broken lots, and many staple articles remaining, that it will eclipse any sale previously held by us. Each lot will be marked in plain figures and displayed in such a way that it will be easy making your purchases. This is the time and opportunity to make every dollar do double duty. Read Each Item Carefully.

HOSIERY

50c Women's fine black cashmere hose, clearance sale 35c
25c Women's black and tan cotton hose, clearance sale 17c
25c children's cashmere wool hose, clearance sale 17c
25c infant's cashmere hose, silk heels and toes, clearance sale 18c
50c women's medium weight silk lisle hose, french foot, double garter top, clearance sale 35c

KNIT UNDERWEAR

25c women's fleeced vests and pants, clearance sale 17c
25c misses' vests, fleeced lined, clearance sale 17c
50c women's extra heavy fleeced vests and pants, clearance sale 29c
\$1.00 women's fine ribbed union suits, fleeced lined, clearance sale 79c

PETTICOATS

\$1.00 women's black mercerized petticoats, clearance sale 69c
\$2.25 colored petticoats, heatherbloom and mercerized, clearance sale 89c
\$2.75 and \$2.98 black petticoats, heatherbloom and mercerized, clearance sale \$1.25
\$3.98 black silk petticoats, clearance sale 2.75

SWEATERS

\$1.25 and \$1.50 children's sweaters, whites and greys, sizes 18, 20, 22, and 24, clearance sale 50c
\$2.50 and \$3.98 women's sweaters, white and grey, clearance sale \$1.49
\$4.50 and \$5.00 women's sweaters, white and grey, clearance sale \$2.49

WAISTS

\$1.00 tailored waists, white and fancy stripes, all sizes, clearance sale 59c
\$1.98 and \$1.00 white lingerie waists, clearance sale 49c
\$3.98 and \$2.98 white lingerie waists, clearance sale \$1.49
\$2.50 and \$1.98 tailored white linen waists, clearance sale 98c
\$6.98 and \$5.00 silk waists, black and colors, clearance sale \$2.98

KIMONOS

75c short crepe kimonos, clearance sale 25c
\$1.98 and \$1.49 long kimonos, crepe and flanellette, clearance sale 98c

WRAPPERS AND HOUSE DRESSES

\$1.25 and \$1.00 women's wrappers, clearance sale 79c
\$1.98 and \$1.50 women's house dresses, clearance sale \$1.19

SILK, WOOLEN AND COTTON DRESSES

\$25.00 and \$18.50 Voile and crepe de chine dresses, clearance sale \$12.50
\$15.00 and \$10.50 messaline, panama and serge, clearance sale \$6.98
\$15.00 and \$12.00 white lingerie dresses, clearance sale \$5.98
\$5.00 and \$3.00 colored muslin, dimity and chambray dresses, clearance sale 98c

DRESS SKIRTS

\$5.50 and \$3.98 black skirts clearance sale \$2.98
\$7.50 and \$5.00 women's skirts, fancy mixtures, clearance sale \$2.98
\$6.00 women's mohair skirts (best quality) black, blue and grey, clearance sale \$3.98

CHILDREN'S COATS

\$8.50 and \$7.50 coats, solid colors and mixtures, sizes 6 to 14 yrs. clearance sale \$3.98
\$5.00 and \$3.50 coats in all the latest shades, clearance sale \$1.98

RAINCOATS

\$3.98 ladies' rubber slip on coats, clearance sale \$1.98
\$7.50 and \$5.00 ladies' (Kenyon) raincoats, all colors, clearance sale \$3.98

CHILDREN'S FUR SETS

\$1.25 white angora sets, clearance sale 75c
\$1.98 imitation ermine, clearance sale 98c
\$2.98 white thibet, clearance sale \$1.50
\$5.00 mufflon sets, grey and tan, clearance sale \$3.50
\$3.50 (misses) brown coney sets, clearance sale \$1.98

One lot \$1.25 and \$1.00 outing robes (extra heavy), clearance sale 69c
One lot \$2.00 and \$1.00 corsets, broken lines, clearance sale 69c
One lot 12 1/2 white embroidered handkerchiefs, clearance sale 8c
One lot 25c ladies' embroidered linen collars, clearance sale 12 1/2c
One lot 25c mufflers, black and white, clearance sale 17c
One lot 10c talcum powder, clearance sale 5c
One lot 25c children's Robin Hood caps, colors, red and navy, clearance sale 10c

Coats and suits will be included in this sale at greatly reduced prices

VESPER A. LEACH

366 MAIN STREET, between Spring and Elm

Telephone 133

FELLOWS WAS HELD

Man Charged With Killing of Long Cove Paving Cutter Will be in Grand Jury's Hands Next Week.

John H. Fellows, who delivered himself up to the officers after striking the blow which caused Richard Ingram's death at Long Cove, last Saturday night, was arraigned before Judge Hurley in this city Tuesday forenoon, and pleaded "not guilty" to the charge of manslaughter.

After a brief preliminary hearing, in which only the state's witnesses were offered Fellows was held for the January grand jury, which convenes next Tuesday. As the intervening period is a short one no bail privilege was asked for.

County Attorney Howard appeared for the state and M. A. Johnson for the respondent. Frank B. Miller acted as recorder. A dozen or more St. George residents were in attendance.

Albert Seavey, who is employed as engineer at Long Cove, saw Fellows and Ingram in the boarding house at 6.30 on the night of the tragedy. The cook was washing dishes and Ingram was playing cards, the latter being intoxicated, in the opinion of the witness. Three hours later, when Mr. Seavey next saw the accused, the latter was on his way from the boarding house to the hall. Fellows said: "I've killed Dick. Telephone for an officer to come and take me." Fellows then returned to the boarding house.

Constable John S. Smalley testified that he was notified of the affair about 9 p. m. When he arrived at Long Cove at 9.45 he found Fellows in the kitchen packing his belongings in a clothes bag and suit case. He told the officer that he had killed Ingram with a bread knife, which had been lying on the dresser. He offered no resistance when the constable took him in custody.

Coroner Ensign Otis said he was notified of the killing at 10.45 p. m. by Undertaker Davis. He arrived at Long Cove at 3.15 Sunday morning. The body of the paving cutter lay in the kitchen, the feet pointing toward the door and the head under the dining room table with the head in a position as though it had fallen against the table leg. The body was lying flat on its back, with head turned sharply toward the right. A great quantity of blood had spurted from a wound on the mouth. The coroner called Dr. V. V. Thompson, and when he arrived an hour later both made a very thorough examination.

They found the cook's bedroom (which opens directly off the kitchen) in disorder. The clothes had been pulled from the bed, the bottom sheet was stained with blood, and the lamp chimney had been smashed. In the kitchen two chairs near the body were found overturned.

Undertaker A. D. Davis, one of the first to arrive, told of the conditions which he found.

Dr. Thompson arrived at 4.30 Sunday morning, and made an examination of the body. Ingram's pantaloons which had been fastened at the waist by a belt, had dropped around his ankles. There were blood smears on the arms, especially on the left arm and left leg. The face and throat were covered with blood. Dr. Thompson washed away the blood and found a slit from the right side of the nose through the lip, and a laceration of the tongue. The dead man's left arm lay at his side, and the right arm was extended above his head. When Medical Examiner Gould arrived Dr. Thompson ordered a further examination which was made.

Dr. Gould testified to finding three wounds—an incised wound from nose to jaw, severing the pulmonary artery; a punctured wound of the tongue extending one and one-half inches backward and inward toward the base of the tongue; and a punctured wound in the right palate. One thrust of the knife could have caused all three wounds, the medical examiner said. In his opinion death was caused by the severing of the maxillary and pulmonary arteries.

The defense having nothing to offer at this time the hearing ended here. As indicated in our report of the tragedy the plea of self-defense will be set up by the respondent.

The ladies of the Eastern Star Sewing Circle are planning to hold a cooked food sale Jan. 6, the place to be announced later.

Scrofula, with its swollen glands, running sores, inflamed eyelids, cutaneous eruptions, yields to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Something New

Union Cookery Bags

Economical, Labor Saving, Hygienic, Better Food

25c Package

with full directions for using

HILLS' DRUG STORE

STRENGTH

IT IS A MATTER OF PRUDENCE TO PAY ALL YOUR BILLS BY CHECK, NOT ONLY DOES IT ESTABLISH CONFIDENCE BUT IT SAVES TIME AND THE HANDLING OF MONEY.

AN ACCOUNT WITH OUR BANK SUBJECT TO YOUR CHECK IS SOMETHING THAT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO YOU.

WE WANT TO SERVE YOU IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

Security Trust Comp'y
ROCKLAND, MAINE

DON'T--DON'T

DON'T EVEN THINK of buying your Shoes elsewhere, until you have visited Bradbury's Cut Price Shoe Store, the only CUT PRICE Shoe Store in the city. You can save from \$1.00 to \$3.00 on each pair of the best and latest style shoes manufactured. He's got them all guessing. Here are a few of the many cuts.

Cork Double Sole Shoes, \$7.00, For \$4.00
Douglas Shoes, \$3.50, For \$2.75
Ralston Health Shoes, \$4.50 and \$6.00, For \$3.25
Good America Shoes, \$4.00, For \$2.98
Packard Shoes, \$4.00, For \$2.98
King Quality Shoes, \$4.00, For \$2.98

Men's Heavy Hose 25c value Cut price 12c

Everybody is wearing my shoes now.

BRADBURY'S

ROCKLAND, MAINE

The Burt Shoes, \$6.00, For \$3.25
(Guaranteed fully, or a NEW PAIR will be given you)

WE are the only handlers of the Burt Shoes for men in this city. Beware of imitations.

Work Shoes dirt cheap. Walton Shoes for Boys, For 98c
2-Buckle Felt and Rubbers, \$3.00, For \$2.49
A full line of Rubber Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes at Cut Prices

Saturday at Whitney's Sweet Florida Oranges, 15 for 25 cents. Assorted Chocolates 14 cents per pound.

There is a reason. Get yours at

CUT PRICE SAMPLE SHOE STORE

CLEARANCE SALE

—BEGINNIN—
SATURDAY, DEC. 30

Leather Goods of All Description

LEATHER HAND BAGS

\$8.00 Bags \$4.87 \$2.50 Bags \$1.49
6.00 " 3.78 2.00 " 1.21
5.00 " 3.67 1.75 " 1.18
3.00 " 1.98 1.25 " .78

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF LEATHER GOODS AT CORRESPONDING PRICES

\$5.00 RADIOPTICANS at \$3.35 \$2.50 RADIOPTICANS at \$1.70

TOILET AND MANICURE SETS

We have a few left at prices which will astonish you.

\$4.00 Sets \$2.51 \$2.50 Sets \$1.57
3.50 " 2.27 1.50 " 1.13
3.00 " 1.98 .50 " .37

BIBLES

\$4.00 Bibles at \$2.40
2.25 Bibles at 1.45

BOX PAPER of all description

50c Box Paper at 37c
35c " " 21c
25c " " 13c
10c " " 7c

ALL UNFRAMED PICTURES, including Copley Prints, at 33 1-3% discount. FRAMED PICTURES AT HALF PRICE.

CHILDREN'S GAMES AND BOOKS at just ONE-HALF PRICE.

50c Games 25c 25c Games 12 1-2c 10c Games 5c

Our Stock of 1911 WALL PAPERS AT ONE-HALF PRICE

75c Paper 37 1-2c 25c Paper 12 1-2c 10c Paper 5c
50c " 25c 15c " 7 1-2c 8c " 4c

E. R. SPEAR & CO.

408 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND



Death of the Old Year

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move.
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim,
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die,
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was, full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste.
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my
friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro.
The cricket chirps: the light burns low.
Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.
—Tennyson.

A Healthy and Wise New Year

"Resolution No. 1—I will try to become more intelligent concerning my body," says Dr. Jean Williams in Woman's Home Companion for January, "looking with greater respect upon my physical resources and trying to realize more fully that upon them the force and success of my life largely depend."

"Resolution No. 2—I will arrange, if possible, to supply sufficient pure air for every breath I take, thus better to combat every source of disease that might attack me, to improve my chance for long life and to increase my efficiency."

"Resolution No. 3—I will be kinder to my digestive organs, avoiding all excess and not asking them to struggle with food for which they have repeatedly shown antagonism."

"Resolution No. 4—I will treat my brain and nervous system with greater consideration, and 56 hours of each week shall be devoted to sleep."

"Resolution No. 5—I will try to do eight hours as much hard work as I should do in one day."

"Resolution No. 6—I will devote at least two of the 24 hours to such exercise as I find most beneficial."

"Resolution No. 7—I will give my moral support to every effort, public or private, in behalf of the betterment of health conditions."

Shakespearean Mottos for the New Year

Heaven grant us its peace.—Measure for Measure.

Let each man do his best.—King Henry IV.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.—King Richard II.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.—King Lear.

That it shall hold companionship in peace with honor as in war.—Coriolanus.

Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail than we give way to.—King Henry VIII.

This lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal.—King Henry V.

There's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long.—Winter Tale.

Be just and fear not; Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.

Thy God's and truth's.—King Henry VIII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE WEST

By Francis Fentiman.

FOR nearly three days the blizzard had raged against the rude log shanty, which stood on a rising piece of ground amid a sea of dead-white snow. Through the cap of the stove-pipe, which thrust its end above the level of the roof top, it shrieked all sorts of menaces to the man and the boy who sat huddled round the fire, their feet in the oven with the idea of extracting the last particle of warmth from the rapidly diminishing embers.

Even if the blizzard was balked of its desire to wreck the shanty it was not wholly to be denied, but drove in between the ill-joined logs and belled



Both Were Reflective.

out the sacks and blankets which had been hung against them for protection, while the ill-driven snow lay in oddly assorted mounds on the floor.

Both were reflective, the man because he realized the gravity of the situation, the boy because he had so recently left a home in the east. It was the first day of the new year, and possibly he was picturing to himself what they were doing at that identical time.

Presently the man looked up. "Did you hear that?" he said.

"No," replied the boy. "What was it—the waltz?"

"Listen again," said the man, and just then above the shriek of the blizzard was heard a muffled chorus of deep bellows.

"If those cattle don't have water they'll tear the stable to pieces. They get extra thirsty feeding on straw, and it's three days since they had a drop. Why in h— that well wanted to give out I can't think."

"Yes," said the boy, "thirst's a shocking thing. Used to have one myself in days gone by. Now, if we could only do the widow's cruise of oil business, we might make this lot go round," indicating a pot which stood on the stove.

"Can't you ever be serious?" protested the man. "We've got to fetch some water."

"By all means," replied the boy. "Just touch the bell for the waiter."

"I don't be a fool," retorted the man. "If you'd been in this country three years, instead of three months, you'd know what a blizzard means, and wouldn't be so mighty cheerful over it."

"Aren't you a fool to suggest fetching water?" said the boy. "Why, you got lost walking to the stable not an hour ago."

The man did not reply until the boy asked him whether he really considered his suggestion possible.

"Yes," said the man slowly, "it is possible."

"I suppose," remarked the boy, "you are aware it will take four barrels at least, that the nearest well is old man Reid's, which is three miles away, and that you can't see six feet in front of you?"

"I know all that," said the man, "and more. I can tell you that the horses will go like the wind, and when they have had their fill of cold water there'll be no holding them while the barrels are filled. Of course the trail's obliterated, but they'll find their way like a blue streak."

"Sounds inviting," said the boy with his ridiculous laugh. "I'd offer to toss as to who goes if I had a coin, but as I haven't (more injustice), we'll draw straws."

"It's the only way," replied the man. "Those cattle are our all. If they break loose they'll be frozen stiff. The one that wins harnesses the horse, and divides the water round when the loser gets back. Is it a bargain?"

The boy cut two straws of unequal length, put the

with a cloth and shook it about. "You draw first," said he. "Long one gets the water, short one hitches the horses."

When they came to measure the boy had drawn the long one. "My luck again," remarked he.

Without a word the man passed through the door, which the boy closed behind him, but not quickly enough to escape a cloud of snow which swirled round the room. Silently he pulled on his moccasins and wrapped himself in such outer clothes as he possessed, cursing luck generally that he had no fur.

By and by there was a tinkle of sleigh-bells outside, and the man appeared with the team ready harnessed to the bob-sled, on which four empty barrels could dimly be discerned.

"Have you put the pall and rope in?" asked the boy.

The man nodded as they solemnly shook hands, while the boy shielded his eyes with the crook of his arm and gave the horses their heads. He tried from time to time to peer into the storm, but the snow made wreaths round him and froze his eyelashes together.

How the horses got there the boy never knew, but get there they did, and whilst the icy blast probed remorselessly amongst his clothes for the flesh beneath, and poured the powdered snow down his neck.

The maddened animals charged him as he lowered the bucket into the well, and spilled the water all over him as they fought for the first drink.

It was a slow process at best, and his clothes and mittens crackled with the congealed ice as he hauled up each pail. When they had drunk their fill they quivered with the cold, and plunged to get back, but the boy bound the reins round the runners of the foremost bob. They bucked as the frozen bits galled them, causing him to spill as much as he put in the barrels, and to slither about on the rapidly forming ice, rendering a foothold almost impossible.

In between times the boy rubbed his eyes and the frozen places. It was a slow and tedious task, and he soon was fagged, because at 19 the muscles are not hardened. The horses knocked him over and the sleigh ran over his legs, but, being light, only bruised him. In his puny rage he slashed them with the pall rope, and it warmed him until one of the horses trod on a bucket and bent it flat.

Frantically he took off his mittens to straighten it, and only learned sense when he felt the sensation of many needles piercing his hands and the skin on his fingers adhered to the metal.

It was a painfully slow job; to lift a filled pail shoulder high and empty it

into a barrel mounted on a sleigh requires strength, and his was fast leaving him. Moreover, the water ran up his sleeves and froze, until he was like an automatic block of ice, if such a thing can be conceived. He became such an embodiment of misery that he no longer troubled about anything, but occasionally buried his head in his arms to rest, and had only sufficient strength left when at last it was finished to put the reins behind his back and brace his feet against the hindmost barrel before returning, and in this position the water slopped over him and played its sweet will unchecked.

Where the horses went he knew not, and if they tipped the lot over again he cared not. He was past caring. With what little sense remaining him he rather hoped they would, and so ended it. He believed they stopped, but couldn't be quite sure. It seemed hours after in a dream that he fancied he heard the man's voice: "My God, I thought you were never coming back," and in the same dream he heard himself saying: "Neither did I."

I knew the boy in those long years ago. I see him and it is in day dreams myself sometimes even now, especially on New Year's day, as I sit round the fireside here at home. It is incongruous that pictures should appear in the embers, but so they do, or else one's fancy paints them there. Then a coal drops out, and I wake up to the remembrance that I was once that boy.

Fought for the First Drink.



Fought for the First Drink.

The New Year

The wind blew there and the wind blew here, And brought from Somewhere the small New Year.

It tapped for him at each door and pane And never once was a knock in vain! All good folks waited the coming child.

Their doors they opened and on him smiled.

Inside he stepped, with a happy face, And softly slipped in the Old Year's place.

Said he: "I bring you a Box of Days, And round with tissue of rainbow rays; I give it joyfully, for I know, Though all days may not with gladness glow, Each gift holds some precious bit of cheer.

To win your thanks," said the sweet Child Year!

Happy New Year of Many Nations

NEW YEAR'S day has for generations been the occasion of revels. It has come down to us from the old German custom of dividing the year at the close of those months when it was no longer possible to keep cattle out doors.

This was made quite a fete and in the sixteenth century was merged into the feast of St. Martin, November 11, on which day the opening of the New Year was celebrated.

While in Germany Martinmas and the New Year were identical, with the introduction of the Roman calendar the celebration was gradually transferred to the first of January, and with it went many of the jolly Martinmas customs.

Traces of these old New Year observances and superstitions can still be traced in the way the season is kept in different lands.

Our decorations of greens, for instance, are a relic of the old Roman superstition of presenting branches of trees for good luck in the coming year.

The giving of presents has also come to us from the Romans. They outdid even the generous Americans, for they used to ask for gifts, if not received, until one of the emperors forbade his subjects demanding gifts save on the New Year.

One of the favorite New Year's gifts after pins were invented in England, in the sixteenth century, were the rough hand-made pieces of metal that took the place of bone and wood skewers. Later pin money was substituted.

A gift that must never be omitted was an orange stuck with cloves to grace the wassail bowl. Apples, nuts and fat fowl were popular offerings of the season.

Gloves and glove money is a very old New Year custom which is still kept up in the increasing use of gloves as holiday gifts.

Even more curious are the old New Year customs. Many of these are still observed by old-fashioned people who cling to the old traditions.

The old-fashioned Englishman will formally open the outer door of his house on New Year's eve just at the approach of midnight. This is to let out the old year and usher in the new.

The Scotch make much of New Year. It is generally ushered in with a "hot pint" brewed at home and drunk by the family standing around the bowl just as midnight strikes.

After hearty greetings to the New Year, the "hot pint" with bread, cheese and cakes, is taken to the houses of the neighbors. The first to enter another's home on the first of January bestows good luck on the family for the year.

In many of the Scottish regiments even yet the ushering in of New Year is most picturesque. At five minutes before twelve the soldiers, headed by the oldest man in the regiment dressed as Father Time, march out of barracks headed by the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Just at the stroke of twelve there comes a knock at the gate.

"Who goes there?" calls the sentry.

"The New Year," is the answer.

"Advance, New Year!" is called back.

The gates are thrown open and the smallest drummer lad in the regiment, dressed in Highland costume, is carried in on the shoulders of the men, and marched around the barracks to the pipers' tunes. The rest of the night is spent in carousing.

A Prayer for the New Year

ETERNAL God, in whom is the hope of all our years, remember us in Thy mercy also in this new year of our Lord. Reveal Thy glory in the experience of its joys and sorrows. Forestall its tears with the abiding comfort of Thy presence. Make us strong rightly to measure all our gains and to endure with patience every loss Thy love allows. Show us Thy meaning in the gifts and opportunities of each new day. Assure us of Thy help in labor, Thy delight in our joys. Quicken our minds to clear vision and our hearts to cheerful content. Provide for our bodies such vigor as shall be needful for our allotted work. We leave to Thee the mystery of the year's events, assured that Thou wilt guide our way. Withhold from us all gifts which would prevent Thy purpose for our growth in wisdom and in service. Only deny us not Thyself—Thy Spirit to instruct our hearts, Thy work to share, Thy peace to still our restlessness, Thy presence to resolve our doubts. In the sifting of temptation grant that our faith fail not, and when our years are ended bring us to Thyself, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Origin of New Year Gifts

Like the customs of Christmas, which, in their origin, are a curious mixture of poetry and symbolism and of superstition, those that belong to the observance of New Year's day are also relics of ideas that date from early heathen ages. The French derive their term for New Year presents from the Latin word, Strenia, the name of a goddess whom the Romans venerated as the patroness of gifts. There was a grove in Rome dedicated to this goddess, where it was customary to get fresh twigs, to give as presents to friends and relatives on New Year's day. During the sway of the emperors, Roman subjects made New Year's gifts to their sovereign. Augustus received such quantities of these that he had gold and silver statues made of them. Tiberius did away with the usage, because he considered it too troublesome to express thanks for the gifts. Calligula, on the contrary, reintroduced the custom, and even made up for his predecessor's refusal to receive presents by requiring those that had been offered to him to be given to himself as arrearsages. The custom of making New Year's gifts, notwithstanding attempts to suppress it, was continued after Europe had become Christian. For a time present making was transferred to Easter, but later it was again associated with the first day of January.

Best Gift of Time

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures which time cannot supply and the years cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.—Herbert L. Willett.

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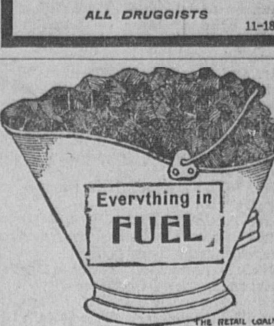
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